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Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. VII. BISMARCK, D. T., SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1879. NO. 4

NEWS AND NOTES.

"There was a young damsel, oh! bless her,
It cost very little to dress her,
She was sweet as a rose,
In her every day clothes,
But had no young man to caress her.

Placer miners now receive $2.50 per day in the Black Hills.

Dan Scott has resumed his old position on the Deadwood *Times*. Good.

Hon. J. M. Langston, (colored) minister to Hayti, is dying of yellow fever.

Eleven men were drowned by a cloud burst at Buffalo Gap, Black Hills, last week.

A claim jumper was killed by the former occupant at McCauleyville, Minn., last week.

The Belle Fourche and Rapid City region is now being sub-divided by U. S. surveyors.

Deadwood is about erecting a $60,000 hotel, capital to be furnished by a joint stock company.

Gen Grant protests against the proposed demonstration in his favor on his return from abroad.

The *Press and Dakotaian* repors that Major Wm. Smith has been assigned to the Montana pay district.

A mica mine is being developed in the Black Hills. Pieces five to eight inches square are obtained from it.

Gen Ingalls has resigned his position on the committee of elections and Gen. Logan appointed in his stead.

Fifty farmers are about settling in the vicinity of Rapid City, Black Hills, coming in a body from Michigan.

Of four hundred head of horses stolen this year in the Yellowstone country all but about fifty have been recovered.

The Fargo *Republican* estimates the yield of wheat in the Red River valley at thirty-five to forty bushels to the acre.

There were two deaths at Delevan, Minn., last week, from well damp Sanderson Kelly and W Adams were the victims.

Four thousand land locked salmon have been planted in Pike Lake near Duluth, by the Minnesota State Fish Commissioner.

A Black Hills man "took out" $16,480 in a Leadville camp last week His only tools were a pack of cards and a six shooter.

Poehler's bill giving homesteaders one year in which to make settlement on their lands after entry passed the House. A wise measure.

Bayard has tendered his resignation as chairman of the finance committee rather than permit a report of the committe on the Warren bill.

The Canton City *Pilot*, published at Canton, Dakota, has made its appearance. It is an eight column paper presenting a very good appearance

The Northern Pacific company has changed its route in Washington Territory, surrendering to the government fully four million acres of land.

The Deadwood Daily *Pioneer* has been enlarged to an eight column paper, making it by far the largest daily in the Territory. It is edited with ability.

Minnesota was called upon for troops last week to suppress a riot in Brown County. Two hundred railroad laborers on a spree was what was the matter

Sam Cox is said to be the leader of the Lost Ditch men in his party; Bayard heads the back-down crowd, and Thurman has charge of those who want to crawl out.

A gold brick, valued at $37,000, was brought down from the Homestake mill, the Deadwood *Times* says, last week—the yield from the Homestake for one week.

Jeff Davis remarked recently that he had never yet seen a Southern woman who was reconstructed and added "The children of such women must rise to vindicate Southern principles.

Kearnyfornia is the name now applied to the Pacific coast region. California, with all its vast resources, receives an immigration of less than 20,000 a year, while Dakota is filling up at the rate of 75,000 per annum.

Work has been commenced on the line of road running west from Heron Lake, Minnesota, in the direction of the Black Hills. It is no doubt intended by the St Paul and Sioux City people to anticipate the Southern Minnesota extension.

During the consideration of the army bill on Wednesday Senator Conkling insisted that the Democratic Senators had acted in bad faith in allowing the time consumed by the Mississippi river commission bill to be taken from the debate on the army bill, so as to force the senators who wished to speak upon it either into the late hours or abandon their purpose altogether, Lamar interpreted these words as personal to himself and characterized them as false. He said he had lived in vain if he was not superior to such a charge from such a source, and added if Conkling intends "to intimate anything I have done was not in good faith I pronounce his statement a falsehood which I repel with all the unmitigated contempt that I hold for the author of it." Conkling remarked in reply, "If I understand the Senator aright he intended to impute and did in plain and unparliamentary language, impute to use an intentional misstatement and added, "whether I am willing to respond to the member from Mississippi depends entirely upon what that member intends to say and what he did say, and for the time being I do not choose to hold any communication with him. I understand the senator to state in plain, unparliamentary language that the statement of mine to which he refers was a falsehood. If I caught his words aright I have only to say this not being the place to measure with any man the capacity to violate decency, to violate a rule of the senate, or to commit any of the improprieties of life I have only to say that if the senator, the member from Mississippi, did impute, or intended to impute to me a falsehood, nothing except the fact that this is the senate would prevent my denouncing him as a blackguard and a coward. Let me be more specific, Mr. President. Should the member from Mississippi, except in the presence of the senate, charge me, by intimation or otherwise, with falsehood, I would denounce him as a blackguard, as a coward and a liar. The rules and proprieties of the senate are the only restraint upon me." Mr. Lamar said in reply: "I have only to say that the senator from New York understood me correctly. I did mean to say just precisely the words and all that they imputed. I beg the pardon of the senate for unparliamentary language. It was very harsh; it was severe: it such as no would deserve, and no brave man would bear.

RED SKINS ON THE ROIL,

GEN. MILES ORGANIZING AN EXPIDITION.

Poplar River Indian Agency Being Deserted and Troops Called for to Protect White Settlers--Notes.

MILES' EXPIDITION.

Gen. Miles is organizing an expedition from the troops at Forts Keogh and Custer to move north of the Missouri river and summer in the vicinity of Poplar River Indian Agency. It appears that the government has taken official notice of the hostiles who have been crowding the agency Indians and running off their buffalo. The latter protest and the authorities propose to support their protest with the army. These Indians are invaders from the British side and a liberal interpretation of their status will warrant Gen. Miles in scooping them up as he did the Cheyennes, Nez Perces and Bannocks.

Last week W. A. Peterson, formerly of this city, and his partner, McDonald, were attacked by Indians at their wood ranche, in the neighborhood of Glendive creek. McDonald was fatally wounded and Peterson shot through the thigh with an arrow. McDonald died but Peterson will recover. Two companies of the Fifth Infantry under Captains Ewer and Snyder were sent out from Keogh by Gen. Miles to run down the Indians and punish them.

LATER.

Since the above was written Geo. Wilson has arrived from the Yellowstone country and reports that the Indians have driven off all the settlers and wood yards from the north side of the river and may be expected to cross to the south side as soon as the river can be crossed by their war parties. Indeed one party of seventeen did cross and attacked the mail station at Spring Creek, but were driven off. One of the ranch men, Montague, was shot through the hand. At Fairpoint the ranchers have one Indian scalp nice and fresh. One man is missing from the Porcupine and he is supposed to have been killed. The outlook presents a lively appearance and all who visit the north side of the Yellowstone are invited to fasten on their scalps with a needle gun.

A company of soldiers has been ordered to Poplar Creek from Buford to quiet the troubles there.

REPORTS CONFIRMED.

Steamer Josephine arriving, last evening, from the upper waters of the Missouri, confirms the reports of the Indian manifestations in the vicinity of Poplar River. The interpreter reported on the river bank that the Indians were running the agency; that three hundred lodges from the hostile camps were located within six miles of the river; that the tepees of the agency Indians were full of Sioux guests and that there was in brief "a lively scare." Above Poplar River to Fort Benton the wood-choppers are

ALL ON THE ALERT

and freely admit that they expect trouble. Their horses have all been stolen and wood-hauling is almost an impossibility. The Indians have stolen horses this spring sufficient to mount a regiment. Lieut. Floyd, of the Eighteenth Infantry, directly from Assinnaboine to the Coal Banks, reported to an officer of the Josephine that there were eight hundred lodges of the Queen's subjects on American soil. The boys of the Eighteenth didn't like the outlook.

[Special Dispatch to the Tribune.]

INDIAN TROUBLES.

FORT BUFORD, June 20.—Dr. Bird, agent at Poplar River Indian Agency, is calling for troops. Col. Huston, commanding here in absence of Gen. Hazen, has dispatched to that agency company E and a detachment of the sixth Infantry, with Indian scouts commanded by Capt. Britton and Lieut. Walker. The steamer Josephine arriving from above last night brings word that all the agency people were sent aboard the steamer Montana. The business buildings at the agency have been closed. The squaws were compelled by the malcontents to

QUIT WORKING ON THE FARM

and everything about the agency bears a funeral look. The ring-leaders of this promised uprising are Black Tiger and Black Catfish. Three dead bodies were seen along the river bank. Gen. Miles will probably send troops to the ageney.

BUFORD BREVITIES.

(From our own Special Correspondent.)

FORT BUFORD, D. T., June 17.—Alex McAskill, of your city, who has been rusticating in this vicinity for several days, viewing the scenes of his first love, has returned to Bismarck. The latch string is always on the outside for Mc. in this section.

One of our scouts who returned from Poplar River Agency a day or two ago, was followed by some of the young braves, nearly to the Muddy, above this post. They intended to head him but he was too shrewd. He reports the Indians at the above agency very saucy and independent, especially those under Black Catfish and Black Tiger, two Yankton chiefs.

Medicine Bear, a noted Yankton chief, paid us a visit recently. A short time since he visited some of the hostile camps and endeavored to recover some of the stolen stock, especially that stolen from the Gros Ventres Indians last winter, but he was unsuccessful, the Indians declining to restore the animals.

The gardens look fine. There is every prospect for good crops and an increased amount of potatoes and onions with other winter vegetables has been put in here. There will be hay enough for all the country and we are already assured that this market will be well supplied with mosquitoes. What more do we want?

There is no doubt whatever that the Indians who recently wounded two men and ran off a lot of stock from a wood yard on the Yellowstone, were Sioux from over the border and the last report from them shows they were making good time on their return trip.

The Pardey combination gave two highly enjoyable entertainments here last week and left on the Helena for Fort Keogh. They intend stopping at Stevenson on their way down and the Stevensonites will find them in every way well deserving of patronage.

W. B. Stockman, of the Signal Corps, manager of the military telegraph office at this place, has recently invented a neat separator and has his battery entirely supplied with them. We hope soon to see Stockman gain his promotion as it is well deserved.

Boyd and Congden have located their stock ranche at Tobacco Garden, about fifty miles below this post, on the Bismarck road, and will have a fine range for their cattle.

From reliable sources it is gleaned that the agent is unable to control these warlike spirits and they would evidently like to take a hand in running affairs themselves.

M. M. Chandler, a business partner of R. C. Mathews, of the Little Muddy, died yesterday morning, in the post hospital here, of inflamation of the brain.

Lieut. H. C. Bailey, of the Fifth Infantry, is here from Keogh and will probably go up the Missouri on business connected with Indian depredations.

Mr. James Leighton, of Otumwa, Iowa, is sojourning at the Trader establishment, his genial countenance reminding the old residents of days "lang syne."

Mr. W. B. Jordan, post trader, who is now up the river on a business trip, will probably leave for the East via Bismarck soon after his return.

REX.

Amusements.

For the past few evenings the amusement loving citizens of Bismarck have been entertained by the performances given at Raymond's Hall by the Sawtelle Dramatic troupe of Helena. Mr. J. Al. Sawtelle is an actor of considerable note, having played in most of the first-class theatres of the country, and is now on a short vacation from his own theatre at Helena. His support is very good, especially in the play of Rip Van Winkle, which character he personated last Wednesday night. The stage and hall are arranged neatly and look quite metropolitan.

There are eleven people in the troupe and the class of acting is truly of "a high degree." So large and cultivated an audience never before congregated at any performance in this city as greeted the Sawtelles on their opening night, and while applause was not frequent, loud or long, there was that almost breathless attention, which accompanies the highest admiration, to be noted on every hand. "Rosedale" was exceedingly well rendered to a fair house, while "Handy Andy" at the matinee this afternoon and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," this evening, promise to fill the hall to its fullest capacity. The entertainments will continue indefinitely.

The advent of Miss Jennie Wade in Whitney's Opera House troupe is quite an event. Miss Wade is an operatic vocalist of rare accomplishments. She was in the same class with Lillie Hawk, whose fame extends over the world. Miss Georgie Morrell, the Vincents, Billy Mack and Davenport all contribute largely towards making this the best variety entertainment in the Northwest.

New Potatoes and Peas.

W. H. Gibson, of Burnt Creek, near Bismarck, had new potatoes from his own garden for dinner on the 15th inst., and the writer's table was supplied with new peas from the garden of Sam English, near Bismarck, June 16th. This would be regarded early in Ohio, and new vegetables at this season of the year is unheard of in Southern Minnesota or Northern Iowa. The Missouri river country is at least three weeks ahead of any portion of the North Pacific lying east of the Coteaus.

A Challenge.

The *Champion* remarked that Capt. Raymond has the finest and fastest team in the country, whereupon L. N. Griffin offers to give the Captain's "finest and fastest" a one or two mile chase for one or two hundred dollars.

A Thoroughbred.

Lake City *Leader*: The BISMARCK TRIBUNE is under the control of its founder, Col. Lounsberry once more, and is the very best "border paper" we know of. The Colonel is a thoroughbred, and so is the TRIBUNE.

THE NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

THE ARMY BILL PASSED---ANOTHER VETO QUESTIONED.

Lamar and Conkling in a Humor Suggestive of Twenty Paces ---Weston, the Walker Will Win the Belt.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune.)

THE ARMY BILL PASSED.

ST. PAUL, MINN. June 21.—The debate on the army bill was resumed, yesterday. Carpenter rose to the dignity of the occasion and made one of the finest legal arguments against the bill ever heard in the Senate. Blaine said if the President signed the bill he would write himself down an ass. All amendments were rejected and the bill passed by a vote of 33 to 19.

LAMAR AND CONKLING.

The opinion of Democratic senators is that Lamar's course after the attack of Conkling, was perfectly justifiable. It is said by some that a duel is inevitable. Lamar's friends assert that the challenge must come from Conkling. Since the altercation Conkling has closely watched proceedings, and seems to be in a condition to get into another quarrel. Lamar occupied a back seat to the end of the session, saying nothing to any one, and not seeming to take any active interest in the proceedings. Senator Gordon was overtaken by a telegram at the depot as he was leaving the city, and asked to come back, as he may be needed by Lamar. The Senator, in the event of a challenge is expected to act as second.

LAMAR WOULD BE DELIGHTED

to have Conkling challenge him, and everything rests with the New York senator, as he is the insulted party. One thing is certain, and that is that no effort will be made to fix up matters, as was the case when Conkling had a difficulty with Gordon. No power on earth could induce Lamar to withdraw his words. Ben Hill don't see how Conkling can avoid noticeing the insult. Gordon is Lamar's warmest friend, and approves his course. Eaton, though a Democrat, is a warm friend of Conkling's. He says Lamar failed to measure words with Conkling, and the latter, in imputing bad faith to Lamar, laid himself open to attack. If Conkling concludes to challenge Lamar, Vance, who is a

DUELLING EXPERT,

thinks he ought to send a message immediately. Vance justifies Lamar, and pronounces Conkling's language as insulting to the whole Democratic party.

Among Republicans great regret is expressed, but all agree that Lamar was the aggressor, and attacked Conkling without requisite provocation. The Republicans were too much startled to call Lamar to order. Conkling being talked to replied that they had a different method of settling personal difficulties in his state, and that he could not be led into a duel by any ambitious Southern man. If assaulted or insulted outside the senate chamber, he would know how to take care of himself. Both Conkling and Lamar are men of undoubted courage, and the former is an expert fencer and

A DEAD SHOT.

Besides, Conkling is well up in the "manly art of self-defense," and it would not surprise some should he, refusing to recognize the code, in event of too much "wind" on the part of Lamar's friends, revenge himself upon Lamar by a personal assault. Like all Southern men, Lamar goes constantly armed, and should Conkling assault him he would not be slow to use his weapons.

VETO.

The opinion as to the President's course on the army bill is "mixed." Some of his confidential friends swear he will veto it, but the associated press report of this morning says he will sign both it and the judicial appropriation bill.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL,

of France, is dead, and with his death ends the Bonaparte party. The Empress has called a council of her friends at Chiselhurst.

WESTON WILL WIN.

At four this morning Weston had made 473 miles and Brown 420. Weston will finish the 550 miles before midnight and carry off the Astley belt as champion walker of the world. This is Weston's farewell to London.

NOTED CRIMES.

The Hull inquest in New York developed no new points. Dr. Hull and his negro cook have been arrested.

Lilly Duer, of Maryland, who shot the girl she loved like a man, paid a fine of $500 and was released.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Capt. McDougall, of Standing Rock, is up on a visit.

Dr. Parr (Will Carland) has gone to Miles City to settle.

W. B. Jordan and family, of Buford, are at the Sheridan.

J. E. Wennerd, formerly of Bismarck, is down from Fort Benton.

John Leasure succeeds Geo. Reed as agent for the Buford stage line.

James Leighton, of Ottumwa, Iowa, is visiting friends in Bismarck.

The Sawtelle company, eleven people, are stopping at the Sheridan.

S. V. Chase, the fat traveling man, passed through to the Hills this week.

Capt. Edward Maguire, of St. Paul, was a passenger on Thursday evening's train.

Sol. Starr, Deadwood's new postmaster, arrived from the east Tuesday evening.

Mrs. M. Coulson and family, Allegheny City, have joined the Captain on the Far West.

Theodore Schenkenberg, of Bozeman, Montana, is in Bismarck, visiting his old friends.

O. C. Greene, Supt. of the N. W. Telegraph company, came up on the pay car

A. R. Ninninger and Henry Cahn, of Miles City, were among the arrivals on the Batchelor.

Mrs. Justus Bragg and daughter returned on the Batchelor delighted with their Yellowstone trip.

Mrs Gen Whistler and daughters of Ft. Keogh, arrived on the Batchelor and went east this a. m.

Capt. T. H. Logan and Capt. Peale, of Fort Keogh, are on the Rosebud enroute to their post.

M. J. Hayes, clerk in Borup's establishment at Fort Custer, left on this morning's train for St. Paul.

G. W. Farnsworth, representing Auerbach, Finch & Culbertson, St. Paul, came in last evening.

Jno. Douglass, special agent of the treasury department, will take the first boat for Fort Benton.

M. Lassig, of Chicago, the successful bidder for the six Heart river bridges, arrived Thursday evening.

Capt. F. P. Baldwin and family, Fort Keogh, returned from the east in time to take passage upon the Rosebud.

Judge H. R. Brill, of the district court, St. Paul, was a guest of the pay car: ditto S. R. McMasters, same city.

Mrs. Chief Justice Shannon and Miss Loo Loo Brown were passengers on the steamer Western, Monday, for Yankton.

J. W. Stravelle, of Pontiac, Ill., arrived from the Yellowstone country last evening and left for the east this morning.

W. G. Strickland, of the St. Paul Fire and Marine, returned from his Yellowstone trip on the Batchelor and went east this morning.

J. C. Barr, Gen. Agent of the Benton Line of steamers, went to St. Paul yesterday on business. He will return monday night.

Mrs. John Davidson, who has been visiting her husband, the popular freight agent of this city, returned to Brainerd yesterday.

Chas. A. Smith's family have gone over to Mandan. Mr. Smith has completed his first contract and taken a second near the coal banks.

C. W. Carpenter was a passenger on Wednesday's couch to Deadwood, One hundred and fifty tons of machinery for his silver mine, are now going forward.

Gen. Jno. Gibbon, Inspector General of this department, arrived this week from St. Paul and proceeded on a tour of inspection among the Upper Missouri River posts.

Judge L. P. Wetherby, of Hudson, Wis., father of our lawyer J. K. Wetherby, has been in the city the past week visiting his son. He is well pleased with vigorous Bismarck.

S. B. Pettingill, of the Rutland, Vt., *Herald*, is in the city looking at her wonderful progress Col. Thompson astonished him with a handfull of native grown strawberries as big as walnuts.

Mr. Carnahan, Frank Moore and sisters visited W. F. Steels's farm at Fourteenth Siding on Wednesday. They report Mr. Steele the possessor of an elegant home and a five hundred acre field of oats that can't be beaten.

Capt. N. S. Constable, from Fort Concho, Texas, was driven over to Fort Lincoln, this morning, by Col. Baker. Capt. Constable is the new Quartermaster at Lincoln and is rated a most excellent officer.

Capt. Badger, commanding the escort accompanying Keith's locating party, was in town this week. He reports Keith eighty miles west and getting on nicely. The Curlew Valley, the Capt. says, is thirty miles long. It is in this valley that Herman Clark, of the contractors, proposes to put up twelve thousand tons of hay upon speculation.

James Grant Marsh, brother of M. L. Marsh and Mrs. R. R. Marsh, died a few days ago, at his home in Warren, Pa. Mr Marsh has made several visits to Bismarck and with therefore be remembered by many, and a lawyer by profession and had held honorable positions in public life for more than 12 years. It was compelled a year ago to retire. Mr. Marsh reached his bedside a few hours before death.

Major T. P. McIlrath, the ne... City, is in St. Paul buying an o... weekly paper, the Yellowsto... McIlrath, a personal friend of ... up with him on the steamer Ge... no idea of starting a newspa... gested to him and the most ... tendered. Everybody want... several hundred names were ... provised subscription list ... annum. The Major was so ... outlook that he at once ret... press and telegraphed fro... family to meet him in St P... was ten years in the nfth ... quently for four years man... Leslie's Weekly and three ... famous establishment O... was corresponding for th... Besides his newspaper ent... he will go into the stock b... Warner of Nebraska, arriv... McIlrath was there with ... ship was formed and the ... work.

editor at Miles ... for his new ...rald. Major ... Miles, went ... Sherman with ... until it was sug... inducements ... newspaper and ... ised on an im... dollars per ... ired with the ... his type and ... marck for his ... Major McIlrath ... and subse... ...or of Frank ... papers of that ... esent trip he ... York *Times*. ... at Miles City. ... A son of Col. ... iles City while ... e. A partner ... tment put to

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SONNET.

BY C. C. STARKWEATHER.

My other self thou wert in those old days
Of song and dreaming, happy days and fair!
I strove to catch the sunlight in my lays,
Faint rays of thy dear love reflected there.
I sang for love of singing and thy praise.
Thou and the roses then were friends to me,
We strolled together through the sunny ways,
And dreamed aloud to discreet wood and lea
What hopes were uttered in those petaled hours!
What visions seen I never more may see!
My soul drank in the sweet breath of the flowers,
And filled itself with fragrance and with thee.
Now in the grave for me the sole repose is—
Thy heart stays ever with the summer roses

When the Ship Comes In.

A sweet-faced woman and a sweet-faced child are wandering among the shipping docks of the great city. The woman is plainly dressed, but evidently in her best attire, and there is a touch of gentility in her finery, in the real lace collar, relics of better days, perhaps, the pearl ear-rings and the neat gloves. The child is neatly dressed, too, as she clasps the woman's hand, looks love at her guardian. But the woman's face is not at its best now; a careworn look, and a faint wrinkle upon the pale forehead that ages her and lessens the charm of her features.

She is inquiring of the lockmen, of the stevedores, of the loungers about the wharves, whether the brig Good Luck has come in. She always receives the same reply to her eager question, for the brig Good Luck has been lost a month ago, dashed on a lee shore, and ground to pieces by the sea, and will never come in—never—never more.

If they told her, she wouldn't believe them, for the woman and her child have supreme faith that the brig Good Luck will come in soon with cargo and crew, though they have been asking the same question and same prayer for many and many a day.

Then she goes across the street and winds her way along the bales and boxes and passing carts, and through all the hubbub and bluster of the wharf, and climbs a flight of stairs to where the brig owners have their office. They are used to seeing her. They smile sadly when she enters with the child, and look significantly at one another, as much as to say: "Poor thing! she's mad. No wonder, no wonder!"

Mad? Yes, she is mad with "hope deferred," with anxiety to meet her husband. Caleb Shelter, master of the brig Good Luck; to meet the master of the brig, her husband and the father of her child. Why does he stay away from her so long?

"Is the Good Luck in yet?" she asks of of a clerk.

"Not yet ma'am."

"She is expected, of course, to-day?"

"Of course."

"There's a vessel coming in now. I see the tall masts. Look! Look!" pointing out of the office window to the river front.

"Maybe that's it! Ellie, dear, look! there's father's vessel, with father on board!"

The child clasps her little hands at the sight.

"Sorry to say that ain't it ma'am," says the clerk, relapsing into his calculations and paying no more attention to the woman.

She stares out of the open window at the approaching vessel drawn by a tug, and then with a blank look upon her face, and a moan that is heart-rendering, says:

"No, Ellie, no! That is not the Good Luck. I see the figure head. The figure head of Good Luck is an angel; a white and gold angel. No, no! that isn't."

"But papa will soon come home, won't he mamma?" whispered the child.

Old Mr. Tawman, who is the head of the establishment, here gave her a kiss.

"A bright, pretty little dear, Mrs. Shelter."

"She looks pale," said the mother. She is tired; she has been walking too much." The old gentleman sits down and lifts the little girl on his knee and kisses her.

She winds her arms about his neck and exclaims:

"You tell my papa to come soon, won't you?"

"Yes, dear."

It was the habit of this firm to pay a sort of pension monthly to the widows of captains who were lost in their service. It was not much of a stipend, being only half-pay, but it was certainly the blessing in very many cases. Mrs. Shelter had always received her husband's money here, while he was at sea, or it was sent to her when she was sick or the weather was bad.

"Ah, Mr. Tawman, I'm sure the Good Luck will be in to-day."

"Certainly it will. What's to hinder it?" he answers.

He puts the child down and goes over to his desk, and unlocking his drawer he takes out an account book and begins writing a receipt. Then goes over into the cashier's room. While he is there the telegraph clerk calls him over.

Click, clickity click! goes the magic instrument repeating its dot and message.

"Hear that? says the operator. "That's news for you!" The proprietor could read every word by its sound,

"It's like a message from God," says Mr. Tawman, reverently. "I must not tell her."

He comes back to where the woman is sitting, his face is flushed with emotion; some strange excitement. He throws into her lap a bundle of bank notes.

"There, Mrs. Shelter, now go home. Take a car at the door."

"Oh, I'm not tired. And I should like to be here when the brig comes in. But I thank you so much, so much."

"Here, little one," says the good-hearted Tawman, "here's something for you to buy candies with." He puts into her tiny outstretched hand a bright quarter of a dollar, and laughs at the wonder and delight of the little recipient.

"I'll keep this for my papa."

Poor little thing, she is weary unto sleep. She cuddles herself in the big chair and sinks into slumber in an instant.

"Now, Mrs. Shelter, you've had no dinner," says Tawmah.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Yesterday, perhaps, but I mean to-day. Go down with Mr. Pelton, there, our young man, and get something to eat. You see we have arrangements for the comfort of our clerks. We give them a hot dinner, and a good dinner too. There's nobody there."

"Go down there and ask the waiter, George," addressing Mr. Pelton, whom he had summoned, "to give this good lady a cup of tea and a piece of toast, some chicken, and all that." Then, pausing a moment, as if propriety and philanthrophy are struggling for mastery in his mind.

"No, no, George. Tell Henderson to send the dinner up into the room here, that's better!" The young man leaves the room. Then Mr. Tawman enters the office again and consults the operator.

"Send this message at once, Mr. Lindsay, if you please." He writes something, and the operator clicks it off at once. It's a long message, a very long message, indeed; but the President's message itself is not half so important, so interesting to those whom it concerns.

Then by the time the message is sent, the dinner is ready in Mr. Tawman's private office, when Mrs. Shelter partakes of it, but does not think proper to waken the weary child that she may eat also.

Then Mr. Tawman says: "Now, you had better go. I'll see to the child; I'll bring the little girl up with me to-night."

"No, no!" exclaimed the mother. I must have my Ellie with me always, sir. You are very good, though, sir; so very good! And is there no news of the Good Luck?"

"Not a word, I am sorry to say."

"It can't be possible. The brig must come in to-day."

"I'm sure I hope so, with all my heart and soul, Mrs. Shelter."

"I know you do," she responded with a sigh.

"Now go. I'm sorry you have to waken the child, but I suppose you can't help it."

"Come, Ellie," says the mother, touching her lightly on the shoulder.

The child with a start awakens and cries, "Is it my papa? Dear, dear papa!"

Then, seeing her disappointment, she burst into tears.

"Don't cry, dear, don't cry. The brig will come in. "Don't cry!" The good old man speaks soothingly to the sobbing child; and the mother, catching her hand, walks slowly and sadly away, followed by Mr. Tawman, who lifts the little girl down and helps both her and her mother into a car.

The next morning the woman is again loitering about the wharves with the same agonized inquiry. She again puts the question to the wharfman, and again only recives the same answer. Then, as before she seeks the office of the brig owners, still accompanied by the little girl, and asks:

"Has the brig Good Luck come in yet?"

"Not yet, ma'am."

She sighs and looks out of the window at the shipping She says she will wait for Mr. Tawman, and sits down.

When Mr. Tawman comes in, as usual, he greets her very kindly, kisses the little girl and says:

"I'm sorry the brig isn't in yet!"

"Will it be in to-day?"

"I hope so." And he goes behind his desk and looks over his letters. He has not long been engaged in his corespondence when a scream from the woman startles him.

She has risen and is pointing excitedly out of the window.

"Here is a ship coming in, look! look!"

"That's not it," says a clerk, "that's a schooner."

"Oh no!" adds Mr. Tawman; "that's not the Good Luck."

"It is! It is!" She darts from the office, dragging the child after her, runs across the bustling wharf out to the very edge of the water.

"Mr. Tawman rushed to the window, opens it, and calls to her. To no purpose, however. All the clerks cluster about the window to catch her.

"The woman is mad!" says one, "She is going to drown herself."

Tawman says quietly to the telegraph operator:

"It's the Mary."

The schooner is being towed up the river by a tug. She is making preparations to anchor in the stream opposite the wharf. All this time Mrs. Shelter is standing in the midst of a crowd of excited people waving her handkerchief, and the little girl is waving hers.

Look! look! there! There's a man overboard!" cried one of the clerks. A cry of alarm goes up from the wharf.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Tawman, thoroughly aroused. "What does that mean?"

"He's swimming like a fish," says a clerk.

"He has landed. Hark at the cheers!"

"Look! look!" shouted the operators. "She is hugging him; so is the little girl. It's Captain Shelter!"

"Thank God!" exclaimed Tawman, "and pray heaven she may not sink under the shock. Poor woman. How she clings to the drenched man. Dear! dear!"

Then he puts on his hat and runs down the steps like a boy, and darts over to where husband and wife and child are united and happy.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, shaking the captain by the hand, and not caring for the gaping and wondering crowd all around him; "this is good luck, isn't it, eh? Did you get my telegram?"

When the man can speak he answers:

"Yes."

"I planned it all!" chatters old Tawman. "You see I got a dispatch yesterday that the brig would come in, and come in it did. Over to the office, every one of you, and after dinner and dry clothes, cap, we'll have a talk about business. Come on.

Saving Lives.

Some dogs, in their love and affection for their masters, have at times equalled human beings in their constancy, and even surpassed them in the marvelous intelligence with which they foresee and avert approaching danger. The following example, related to us by one of the ladies of the story, may prove interesting:

Two girls, daughters of an English country doctor, were once out for a walk together. It was an autumn afternoon, sunny and pleasant. They were accomied by their little dog, named Jack, who was a clever little terrier, and more than once had proved his claim to be considered—as indeed he was—their protector while out walking. Their father often said he felt "quite happy when Jack was with them; he was sure no harm would come to them."

The two girls pursued their walk merrily. The fine afternoon tempted them to go further than they ought, however, and by the time they turned the dusk had fallen, and they were afraid they would be late for tea. One of them proposed to take a short cut through a wood with which they were well acquainted, having often gathered blackberries in it on a sunny afternoon. The other agreed, and so they arrived at the edge of the wood and prepared to enter it.

"All the same; I am rather afraid," said Dora, the younger of the two. "There have been several robberies in the neighborhood, and I saw some very odd-looking men pass our door to-day. Besides, I am wearing my new watch, which papa gave me on my birthday."

"O, nonsense!" her sister replied. "It is nearly six o'clock now, and we shall be late. Be sure no one will wish us harm."

"I wish I were as certain as you are. But what is the matter with Jack?"

Just as she said this, Jack advanced toward them, and planting himself in the middle of their path, sat down and whined.

"That is odd," said Dora. I never remember him doing that before."

The other girl derided her fears, and attempted to pass the dog; but he caught her dress in his teeth, and held her so firmly that she hardly dared to set herself free. One more effort she made, but Jack was resolute; so at last, seeing how determined he was to prevent their further progress, she gave up trying.

"Well, well, you stupid little brute!" she said, angrily, "I suppose we must go all that long way around."

So the two sisters abandoned the idea of taking the short path through the wood, and went home by the safe high-road. When they arrived, how grateful, how unutterably thankful did they feel to their little protector, whose intelligence had been so far superior to theirs, and had saved them despite themselves. A man had been found in the wood, shortly after they had left it, murdered and robbed, it was conjectured, by the tramps who had passed through the village in the morning.

Thus Jack had preserved his mistresses from meeting perhaps a similar fate. Their gratitude, it is needless to add, was profound toward their little four-footed protector, who, we are glad to hear, lived to a good old age.

Our Livingston-street friend, Mr. Joy has gratified his long-felt wish to see the eletric light. While prowling around in the dark, last night, his eye came in contact with the half-opened kitchen door. He describes the effect as being brilliant and dazzling, but not as pleasing as he had been led to believe.—*Rhinebeck Gazette.*

Emigrants and drovers drove large numbers of cattle through Jackson county last week.

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(W. L. Perkins, Maurice Lyons:)

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UNCLE MELLICK DINES WITH HIS MASTER.

Ol' marster is a cur'us man, as sho as yo' is born!
I's wukin in de crib one day a-shellin' o' some corn,
An' he was standin' at de do';—"knowed it"? no sah, not!
Or fo' de King' dese jaws mine, I'd se'ly kept 'em shot.
But to Bru. Simon, shellin' too, what should I do but say.
"I's starvin' sence I lars has eat—a week ago to-day."
Den marster cussed and hollored: "Here's a shame an' a dusgrace!
I, so long a planter—a starved nigger on my place!
Come, Mellick, drap dat corn an' walk straight to de house wid me;
A starvin' nigger on my place's a thing shall nebber be."

"Hi me eat 'long de white folks, sah?" "Yes, Mellick, take a seat."
Den to missis: "Dis starved nigger I's done fotch to make 'im eat,"
An' he drawed a big revolver an' he drapped it by he plate—
"Gub 'im soup' an' twixt de swallers, don' lemme see yo' wait."
Dat soup was fine, I tell yo', and I hide it mighty soon,—
One eye sot on de pistol an' de turrer on de spoon.
"Fish for Mellick, in a hurry, he's a-starvin,' don't yo' see?"
(Dem mizable house niggers tucked dar heads an' larfed at me.")
An' I went for dat red-snapper like de big fish for de small;—
Glanced at de navy-shooter onct, den swallowed bones an all

"Gub 'im tucky, ham an' eggs, rice, taters spunnage, sparregrass,
Bread, hom'ny, mutton, chicken, beef, corn, turnips, apple-sars,
Pease, cabbage, aig-plant, artichoke"—(Dat pistol still in view.
An' de white folks dey all larfin', an' dem silly niggers, too)—
'Termaters, carrots, parsnips, beets"—"When is he gwine git done?"—
"Squash, pumpkin, beans an' kercumbers—eat. Mellick, don't leabe none.
For dis here day's done brung to me a shame an' a dusgrace;—
I, so long a planter—a starved nigger on my place!"

Dem things of I'd be'n by myself, I'd soon put out o' sight
But de com'cal situation dar, it spile my appetite.
I had to wrastle wid dem wittles hard enough dat day'
Till "Now champagne for Mellick!" I heard ole marster say,
When dat nigger shoot de bottle by my hade—I's sho'ly skeerd·
Dat stuff it look so b'ilin' hot, to drink it I wuz feared,
But arter I'd done swallowed down a glars, I feel so fine,
I 'gin de situation not so very much to min',—
An' den a little restin' spell I sorter tried to take,
But de old marster hollered· "Gub 'im puddin' pie an' cake!"—
—Wid de han' upon de pistol an' de debil in he eye!—
An', Mellick, down wid all!—onless yo' is prepar'd to die."

I hurr ed home dem goodies like I hudn't eat dat day;
Tell marster see I couldn't pack anoder crumb away,
An' den he say "Now, Mellick, to de crib, git up an' go'
An' de nax time yo' is starvin' come to me an' lemme know"
But, my' in dat ar bizniss I kin nebber show my face,—
An' dar's nebber been anoder starvin' nigger on de place!

—*J. R. Eggleson, in Scribner for June*

A Battle in a Printing Office.

A letter from St. Petersburg to the New York *Herald* gives details of the descent by the police of Kief upon a secret Nihilist printing office at that place and the fearful struggle which followed. The letter says: The policemen went in by the way indicated for the use of the inmates of the house, but were fired at the moment they made their appearance. Seeing themselves in the midst of some dozen resolute and armed youths the policemen though it prudent to retire, and went to the nearest police station for reinforcements. The Nihilists had no time to remove anything and did not choose to give them over to the police cheaply. They lost no time in getting up a plan of action and of defence against the expected attack. Thirty-four policemen returned. Some were stationed around the house as outposts and the rest went directly in by the gates of the yard, which had a two storied house on the right hand and one on the left. All the windows on the second floors, as well as the roofs of the two houses, were occupied by armed students, who welcomed the police with a sweeping volley of bullets. Three policemen fell dead on the spot, the rest retired for consultation. They determined to enter the house, intending to fall upon the Nihilists who remained down stairs in charge of the books and the presses. And here, in a large room, was enacted a fearful scene. The fight became general, and the result was as follows: On the side of the police four men received light wounds, three were seriously injured and four killed on the spot. The losses on the side of the Nihilists were, it seems, still greater—four young girls, students of the university, and three students killed, while all the others were wounded and finally arrested by the police. The police seized the printing press and a great number of interdicted books of foreign publication. How many people were arrested in all I do not know, as the number of political prisoners is not fully given by the official reports.

But the affair did not end here. Simultaneously two other girls and several men were arrested in the neighborhood of the printing office. Then a Mlle. Herzfeld, was arresthd—a daughter of a General Herzfeld, who occupies a high position in St. Petersburg, being a membor of the State Council. The young and renowned Countess Panin, belonging to one of the oldest Russian families, was also taken. Her stepmother is reported to be still one of the *dames d'honneur* of the empress, and her great grandfather was second Chancellor of State in the time of Catherine the Great. I am told that both young ladies were taken in the act of firing at the police with their revolvers. It is not to be wondered at that girls of high families are found involved in such disturbances. The women of Russia have repeatedly taken part in the manifestations of national aspirations, as for instances, Martha Possadniza, of Novgorod; the Princess Sophia, Peter the Great's enterprising sister, and others. Russian ladies in the olden times of domestic seclusion could not be keept wholly from taking an active part in the popular movements and nowadays they take a lively share in all that concerns their husbands and brothers, and are quite ready to support them when the occasion comes.

The New Theory of Meteorites.

There is one planet of the solar system which has a special claim to consideration. On that planet it is true that a volcano would be required which was capable of giving an initial velocity of at least six miles per second; but every projectile launched from that volcano into space would, after accomplishing an elliptic orbit round the sun, dash through the track of the earth, and again pass through the same point at every subsequent revolution. It is not here a case of one solitary projectile out of 50,000 crossing the earth's track, but every one of the 50,000 possesses the same property. The planet of which we are speaking is, of course the earth itself. It in ancient times there were colossal volcanoes on the surface of the earth which had sufficient explosive energy to drive missiles upward with a velocity sufficient to carry them away from the earth's surface, after making allowance for the resistance of the air, these missiles would then continue to move in orbits round the sun, crossing at each revolution the point of the earth's track from which they were originally discharged. If this were the case, then, doubtless, there are now myriads of these projectiles moving through the solar system, the only common feature of their orbits being that they all intersect the earth's track. It will, of course, now and then happen that the earth and the projectile meet at the point of crossing, and then we have the phenomenon of the descent of a meteorite. This theory, that the meteorites have originated in the earth, was, so far as I know, first put forward by Dr. Phipson. Mr. J. Lawrence Smith, in a letter I received from him some months ago, inclines to the same view as at all events one of the probable sources. It is well to note here the great difference between the lunar theory of meteorites and the terrestrial theory. For the lunar theory to be true it would probably be necessary that the lunar volcanoes should be still active. In the terrestrial theory it is only necessary to suppose that the volcanoes on the earth once possessed sufficient explosive energy. No one supposes that the volcanoes on the earth at present eject the fragments which will constitute future meteorites, but it seems probable that the earth may be now gathering back in these quiet times the fragments she ejected in the early stage of her history. Assuming, therefore, that the meteorites have had a quasi-volcanic origin on some considerable celestial body, I am led to agree with those who believe that most probably that body is the earth.—*Robert S. Ball—Nature.*

Lincoln's Humanity

Gen. Slocum, in a lecture on the rebellion, said that one obstacle was the leniency of President Lincoln toward deserters. Finally the corps commanders had a consultation, and determined to stop the pardon business. He added: "Shortly after three men of my command were found guilty, and in compliance with the agreement I determined those men should be shot before our kind-hearted President could interfere. At Leesburg there was no telegraphic connection with Washington, so I ordered my men out at nine o'clock, and when the clock struck twelve those men were shot."

Three or four months passed; Gettysburg was fought, the fall of Vicksburg had taken place, and I was passing through Washington, and called upon Mr. Lincoln. As I entered the room, he said, "Gen. Slocum, the last time I think I heard from you was in the form of a message which caused me more pain than almost any incident that has occurred during the whole war. When you were down to Leesburg I telegraphed to you that if the sentence of such a man had not been executed, you should suspend it until further orders from me, and you telegraphed back that the man had been executed at twelve o'clock. The wife and sister of that man were sitting here by my side, and I was compelled to open your telegram and read it to them." I knew of no instance that shows Mr. Lincoln's kindness of heart or appeals to me more strongly than that. When you remember the length of time that had elapsed, and the number of important and stirring events that had occured in the interval. I am sure you will agree with me in saying that he proved himselt to be a generous and big-hearted man.

A short time ago a little boy went with his father to see a colt. He patted the colt's head and made quite a fuss over it, until finally the stableman told him to be careful that the colt did not turn round and kick him. When the little chap went home, his father asked him what he thought of the colt. "I like him pretty well," was the reply. "He's real tame in front, but he's awful wild behind."

Two California sharps were playing a game of cards. "It is very singular," observed one, "that I haven't seen a king yet." "Not at all," replied the other; "you have one in your sleeve and I have the other three in my boot."

The Lost Harversack.

"The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring."

Of all the men that served under the Stars and Stripes during the war of the Rebellion, none were more thoroughly in earnest or more truly loyal to the Union than those recruited in Western Virginia. The war was terribly real to them. Not one but had a brother, a friend or a neighbor on the other side, with whom he had fought out the question in words long before arms were taken up. They felt that it was a personal quarrel. They were terrible fellows to fight, although frightfully lax in discipline. Their officers—those that were wise—took them for what they were, appreciated their fighting qualities, and soon ceased to worry about their lack of discipline. What mattered it if they were not exact in matters of salutes to their superiors? They were prompt to obey when duty called, as brave as lions in the face of the enemy, and kindness itself to those who understood and appreciated them. One day, a command made up mainly of rough but manly fellows of this sort had a fight with the enemy, and captured a large number of prisoners. That night captives and captors bivouacked on the battle-field, and the next day began their march to the rear, where the prisoners were to be handed over for shipment North. Towards nood a rebel offieer beckoned to his side the major commanding the escort. "Last night he said, "while I was asleep, my haversack was stolen. I know what war is, and I accept its fortune, good or bad. That haversack contained several things that I value,—one that I prize as I do my life—the portrait of a lady." And then, glancing back at the rough cavalrymen, he added, sorrowfully, "I suppose there is small chance of getting it again." "I'll see," said the major. The command was marching "by fours" In four lines word was passed from front to rear, each man communicating with the comrade next behind him. Within ten minutes a sergernt rode up to the major and handed him a package. The major took it to the prisoner. "Open this," he said. There was the portrait, uninjured, and with it a bundle of letters, upon which the owner had writien a request that it should be destroyed unopened in the event of his death. The seal was unbrpken

A Presentiment in a Dream.

Speaking of the assassination of B. C. Porter, member of a traveling dramatic company, at Marshall, Texas, the Houston (Texas) *Telegram* says: On the Sunday evening of the departure of the troop for Brenham, a *Telegram* reporter met Mr. Porter at the Barnes house, and during the conversation Porter related a dream he had had the previous night. His story is now recelled, as it is one of those singular premonitions that are often terribly realized. Said he: "Do you know that, for the life of me I cannot shake off a feeling of gloom and despondency that has hung over me to-day. I am not superstitious or given to belief in dreams; but, for the life of me I cannot drive from my thoughts a singular dream I had last night. I only recall it even now with a shudder. I thought we had met with an accident of some kind, and, poor Barrymore! I thought I saw his mangled, bleeding corpse, mutilated and bloody. I also saw Miss Cummins, cold in death, but without a solitary wound or cut. A beautiful smile encircled her lips, and in death she was as beautiful as Hebe. Why I should dream of such horrors I cannot imagine, yet something tells me we shall meet with a calamity soon, and I shall breathe easier when we have crossed the Texas line. I have not opened my head to any one of the company about it, as they would smile at my silly fears."

The dream is all the more singular when it is taken into consideration that Miss Cummins was the lady insulted by the despicable scoundrel Currie, and Mr. Barrymore was also wounded severely by the murderer.

Some old fraud writes that "in gardening every portion of the body is exercised, and the mind refreshed." The writer's experience in gardening has evidently been confined to sitting in the shade and bossing a hired man. If he were to dig garden until his body became nearly the shape of a croquet wicket, and it almost snapped his back-bone in half to assume an upright position, he would quickly acknowledge that there is such a thing as exercising the body too much; and when his old man wasn't looking, he would jump over the back fence, go down town, and refresh his mind by engaging in a game of base ball—and perchance get four fingers knocked out of joint, his nose mashed and a new bump erected on his head.—*Exchange.*

Many farmers look upon the sunflower as simply a worthless weed, and never dream of the valuable qualities the seeds of this plant possess. For several years they have been used by breeders of fancy poultry as food for choice birds; in small quantities, they are mixed with the other food, and the peculiar properties of the seeds impart a beautiful gloss which no grain will give to the plumage of the adult birds. For those who raise fancy fowls for exhibition, it is essential to perfect success that the plumage should be in perfect condition, and to attain satisfactory results, we can recommend no more valuable aid than judicious feeding of this seed. It has long been known that the oil extracted from this seed makes a dressing for the hair which is very beneficial, imparting a smoothness and vigor highly appaeciated by all who have tried it. It grows very readily, and the poultryman should not forget this cheap and useful assistant to his labors.

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The place has been fitted up and abounds with

NUMEROUS AMUSEMENTS,

Thus making it the most popular resort in the City.

my31v7nl **ELDER & CO., Prop'r.**

MRS. E. SLOAN,

Fashionable Dress-Maker,

AND

First-Class Cutter and Fitter,

Corner of 4th and Rosser Sts., Bismarck.

Mrs. Sloan has had extensive experience in the large establishments of Eastern cities, and is the oldest Dressmaker in Bismarck.

JOHN WHALEN,

DEALER IN

Grain, Flour and Provisions

Agent for the Frazee Mills. Try our Four Ace Flour.

MRS. LINN,

Millinery and Dressmaking.

THE ONLY FIRST CLASS ESTABLISHMENT IN THE CITY.

New Goods Received Every Week. Latest Novelties Always on Hand.

ALL WORK WARRANTED. PRICES REASONABLE. Cor. 3d & Meigs Sts., Bismarck, D. T.

MINNE-HA-HA SAMPLE ROOM,

Next Door to McLean & Macnider's, Bismarck, D. T.

The Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars in Market.

Bottled Milwaukee Lager a Specialty.

C. R. WILLIAMS, Prop.

A FULL LINE OF BOTTLED AND SMOKERS' GOODS. Nov18n26.

D. I. BAILEY & CO.,

Main Street. Opposite Sheridan House,

BISMARCK, - - - - DAKOTA.

We wish to announce that we are now in receipt of a full assortment of one of the

LARGEST STOCKS OF HARDWARE

Ever brought to this market, consisting of a full and complete line of

Heavy and Shelf Hardware,

Granite, Iron, and Pressed Tinware, Lamps and Lamp Goods, Iron, Steel and Nails. Wooden Ware, Cordage, Building Paper, etc. In fact everything that can be found in a first-class Hardware Store. A complete line of

COOK & PARLOR STOVES,

All of which we will sell at reduced prices. An examination of our stock and prices is solicited.

COPPER, ZINC, AND SHEET IRON WORK

Done on the shortest notice. and by the best of workmen. my41v7nl

M. P. SLATTERY,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

Groceries, Crockery, Flour,

AND FEED,

Corner 3d and Meigs Sts., BISMARCK, D.T

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY C. A. LOUNSBERRY,

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

WEEKLY, One Year, - - - - - $2 50
" Six Months, - - - - 1 50
" Three Months - - - - 75

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Professional cards, four lines or less, per annum, $10; additional lines, $2.50.

Local business notices, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Original poetry, $1 per line.

All bills for Advertising will be collected monthly.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

MASONIC.

The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No 120, A. F & A. M., are held in their hall on the first and third mondays of each month at 7 p m Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. JOSEPH HARE, W. M.
EMER N. COREY, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 I. O. O. F., are held in Masonic Hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. J. M. CARNAHAN, N. G.
LOUIS HECHLER, R. Sec.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. J. G. Miller, B. D., rector. Services at the brick school house every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school after morning service. All are cordially invited to attend.

METHODIST CHURCH—Services every Sunday at the City Hall, at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School immediately after the morning services. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. GEO. W. BARNETT. Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Corner of Thayer and Second St., Rev. S. G Dodd, Pastor. Sabbath services at 11 a. m and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at the close of the morning service. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Seats free.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

On the Northern Pacific mail arrives daily, Mondays excepted, at 7:45 p. m. Leave daily, except Sunday at 7:45 a. m.

Leave for Forts Stevenson, Berthold and Buford and the Tongue river posts every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, arriving every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Leave for Fort Rice and Standing Rock every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday: returning, arrive every Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

Leave for Deadwood and other points in the Black Hills daily at 8 p. m.

Registered Mails for all Points Close at 5 P. M.

Office open from 7 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. On Sundays from 7 to 9,30 a m, and 4 to 7 p m.

The Post Office is now supplied with the ten dollar refunding certificates; the safest and best investment known for small sovings.

BISMARCK, SATURDAY, JUNE 21. 1879.

GENERAL HAZEN.

General Stanley, tried on charges preferred by Gen. Hazen, was found guilty of conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline, and was severely reprimanded for writing the letter on which the charges were based. The President having considered Stanley's charges against Hazen, and determined not to entertain them, it was held to be very reprehensible in Gen. Stanley to carry their personal quarrel, originating, it is believed, at West Point, out of which the charges and counter charges grew, into the public prints. Both officers were admonished to be on their guard in future and ordered to join their regiments—Hazen to Dakota and Stanley to Texas. Though Stanley was convicted on Hazen's charges, the result leaves Gen. Hazen in an unpleasant position, because Stanley's defense was in the main an attack on Hazen, who had no opportunity to be heard in his own defense, and could not even be represented by an attorney. If the quarrel, however, is now dropped, Hazen will need no vindication for the country recognizes and appreciates his past services, no matter what jealous and dissipated companions may say of him. We trust, however, that the General has learned the folly of volunteering to render service not expected or required of him. His raid on the North Pacific in 1873 did the country incalculable damage, because it contributed largely to the distress of the period. and time has proven that his conclusions were entirely wrong, and his attack not justified. So, in the Peck matter General Hazen went beyond his duty, no doubt through pure motives, and much expense and suffering to innocent parties resulted. We sincely hope, however, that the General's troubles are at an end, and that he may be assigned to Fort Lincoln, as he is likely to be, there to remain some time, from which point he may observe the development of one of the best sections of the West.

TERRITORIAL UNIVERSITIES.

Mr. Maginnis, delegate from Montana, has introduced in congress a bill granting 72 sections of public land to each of the territories of Dakota, Montana, Arizona, Idaho and Wyoming, for the use and support of universities. The bill provides that none of these lands shall be sold except at public auction after appraisement by a board of commissioners appointed by the secretary of the interior; that none of the lands shall be sold for less than the appraised value, and in no case for less than $2.50 per acre; that the funds derived from the sale shall be invested in bonds of the United States; that no more than one-tenth of said lands shall be offered for sale in any one year; that the money received shall constitute a university fund; that no part of said fund shall be expended for university buildings or the salary of professors or teachers until the same shall amount to $50,000, and then only shall the interest be used for either purpose till the said fund shall amount to $100,000, when any excess shall be used for the proper establishment and support, respectively, of said universities.—*Press and Dakotaian.*

WILL Conkling challenge Lamar, is the great question in Washington. Of course he will not, for a Northern man does not need to become a murderer to prove that he is a gentleman or that he is not a coward. Lamar went out of his way to insult Conkling in the first instance, and then, figuratively speaking, spat in his face hoping to force a challenge, knowing that he would gain in the South by that course while Conkling would loose in the North if he fell into the trap set for him. Conkling is too brave a man however to be caught in that way and will no doubt, give Mr. Lamar many occasions during the next few years, if he recognizes him at all, for renewing the quarrel.

DURING debate on the army bill the Indiana senators, in arguing against the employment of troops at the polls spoke of military interference with the elections in Indiana in 1863, whereupon Mr. Windom asked McDonald why troops were stationed in Indiana at that time. McDonald plead ignorance but was enlightened by Mr. Windom, who proceeded to read from a report made in 1864 by Jacob Thompson, confederate agent in Canada, to the confederate secretary of state, in which he describes a conspiracy to seize the state government of Indiana and turn the state over to the confederacy. The report mentions both McDonald and Voorhees by name as being in sympathy with the conspiracy.

THE Brookings county *Press*, Fountain, Dakota, happily remarks: Had any one prophesied at the close of the war that in fifteen years men would struggle and coax and bribe for the privelege of paying a hundred cents on the dollar for U. S. bonds that would pay but four per cent. interest he would have been considered such a sanguine enthusiast as to merit the name of a fool.

GRAND FORKS *Plaindealer:* "THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE has once more come under the control of its founder, Col. Lounsberry, Stanley Huntley having retired and accepted a position as reporter on the Chicago *Tribune*. We are glad to welcome the Col. back to the ranks, as he is one of the best newspaper men in the territory, besides being a stalwart Republican.

HUCKLEBERRY, of the Wadena *Tribune* kindly remarks: A perusal of the Bismarck TRIBUNE, with the name of Col. C. A. Lounsberry as its editorial head, discloses the fact that the Col. hasn't lost the art of getting up a first class journal. The Polk county *Journal* says that while the present editor of the TRIBUNE doesn't pretend to know everything, he does know how to make a lively newspaper.

THE *Press and Dakotaian* says: "The Devil's Lake country in northern Dakota has a soil fully equal to the Red River valley," and THE TRIBUNE may truthfully say that the soil in the Missouri river valley is not excelled by that of any portion of Dakota.

BISMARCK'S MANSIONS.

A Review of the Building Interests of the City.

Bismarck is now seven years old. It is six years, June 5th, since the railroad was completed to Bismarck, and it is six years since THE TRIBUNE was established. It is a little over six years since the writer landed at Bismarck, coming in from the "grade," forty miles, by team, to find at Bismarck a few straggling, half completed houses, or frames, a few tents, and a few earth covered "shacks." Bailey's had been the leading hotel, but the Capitol was just opening. Shaw's was about the only business house in town. Raymond had not come. Stimpson brought his stock on the same train. When the writer returned with his printing material, June 15th, 1873, wonderful progress had been made. Many new business firms had come in, and several new hotels had been opened. Griffin was in the Merchants up on 4th street, where Connelly now is, and Connelly was east of Alex McKenzie's residence.

Where McLean's supply store now stands there then stood an immense tent used for gambling purposes. Raymond was in the building where Glitschka now is. Excepting the log cabins and the business houses and tents used for that purpose, there wasn't a residence in town. Now we find many neat cottages, and several rising almost to the dignity of mansions. W. B. Shaw led off by the construction of a large and neat establishment, known in those days as the Shaw mansion. Then followed the "Winston Mansion," for a time occupied by Col. Brown, and now by the U. S. Signal offices; then followed the "Hobart Mansion," now owned and occupied by Nathan Dunkleberg; next the neat residences of Capt. J W. Raymond and Wm. Pye, when Second Street became dignified by the title of "Bankers' Row." This in 1873. Then came financial disasters and Bismarck suffered and for nearly two years little was done in the way of improvement; but in addition to those mentioned Bismarck now boasts many neat houses, some of them really elegant in the appearance of the buildings and their surroundings. Among this number may be classed the residence of ex-Mayor McLean, now occupied by Lieut. Grimes; Geo. P. Flannery's, with its iron fence and well arranged shrubbery; Chas. S. Weaver's, a model of architectural beauty; ex-Alderman Chas. R. William's, reminding one of a New England home, with its long verandahs, well arranged shrubbery and piles of rock; E. L. Strauss', stately and comfortable; Wm. A. Hollembaek's, occupied by Col. E. M. Brown, and J. H. Marshall's, as neat as neat can well be. Asa Fisher's might also be classed with these, and John Flynn's now nearly completed; Dr. Bentley's and Chas. F. Payns, under construction, are neat and roomy. P. P. Johnson and Gus Thurnwald have just completed new homes; and those of A. G. Coykendall, Robt. Macnider, J. P. Forster's, occupied by W. B. Bell; Nathan Dunkelberg's, occupied by C. A. King; the same occupied by Horace Stripe, F. J. Call, Don Stevenson, Wm. Falconer, Joseph Pennell, a neat stone, Mr. Eppinger's a brick, R. B. Mason's also brick, Chas. M. Cushman, Geo. M. Bird, Wm. Thompson, John A. Stoyell, Geo. Glass, J. P. Dunn, John Oswald, occupied by Mr. Gidley; Sol Snnderland, Chas. Kupitz, Robt. Wilson, occupied by Wm Glitschka; Alex McKenzie, Thos. Riley, Thos. Fortune, Wm. A. Messerve, Jas. A. Emmons, Geo. H. Fairchild, and many others which the writer does not now recall are remarkable for their neat and comfortable appearance or for their surroundings.

The very neat home of Judge P. R. Smith, one of the largest and best appointed houses in the city, should not be forgotten, nor should the elegant family mansion owned by the stage company. But limited space will not permit us to pursue the subject further though there are doubtless others that ought to be included in this list.

THE CHURCHES.

Episcopal Organization---Visit of the Bishop--The Church Building.

The Right Rev. Bishop Clarkson, of Omaha, visited the Mission at Bismarck last week, and preached at the brick school house morning and evening. After the evening service the Bishop perfected a provisional organization by the appointment of Geo. M. Bird, Warden, Robert Macnider, Treasurer and C. A. Lounsberry, Secretary.

In the morning the Bishop called attention to the fact that he had secured $1,000 which had lain in the bank some months, for the purpose of building a church at Bismarck; that this money must be used this summer at Bismarck or else he would be compelled to place it elsewhere. It was a free offering to Bismarck conditioned only as to the name of the church and that a like sum should be raised by other interests to put with it. The Bishop examined the grounds selected and was much pleased with them, preferring the ground selected to any that has been mentioned in that connection, and left feeling confident that he would be called here again in September to dedicate the church which he expects will be completed in the meantime. The committee will take the matter in hand at an early day and THE TRIBUNE sincerely hopes all who are interested in Bismarck will lend cheerful aid.

In the morning the Bishop showed how much easier it is to accept the entire orthodox creed than it is to reject God or the truths taught in His divine word. He showed what great comfort there is to be found through indulging the christian hope, and that happiness, peace and prosperity were certain to accompany a pure and upright life, and asked what infidelity had to offer that would bear comparison with the Christian religion. In the evening he called attention to the great crowd that thronged about Jesus, on a certain occasion, pressing upon him on every hand. In this crowd there was an afflicted woman, who pressed forward with faith, believing that if she but touched the hem of his garment she would be restored to health, and so it was. He compared God's sympathy for the human heart with the boundless ocean whose tides beat responsive to the touch of every bay, creek or inlet connected with it.

At the Presbyterian Church in the morning Rev. Dr. Jackson, of Fort Lincoln, preached a very interesting and instructive sermon on the "Transfiguration," showing that as Moses and Elias came from Heaven to meet Jesus and take their places at his feet on the Mount, so all truth and all systems, and forms of worship are subservient to Him; that Sinai Tabor and Calvary were related to each other in revealing the highest truths, and in showing for the future glory of Christ's Kingdom on Earth and in Heaven; that spiritual visions and exalted worship have their true interpretation and value, when regarded as preparations for discipline and suffering, the issues of which will be glory, honor and immortality.

In the evening Rev. Mr. Dodd preached from the text, "Now we see as through a glass darkly, but then face to face," illustrating the subject in a variety of ways by referring to the works of nature and the wonders of science, arguing that system in religion do not contribute any valid objection to the truths made known to us in the Bible.

Rev. Mr. Barnett assisted in the service at the Presbyterian Church, Mr. Jackson filling his appointment for the day.

Rev. Father Chrysostom being absent there was no service at the Catholic Church.

Stop his Paper.

Helena *Independent*: The Postmaster at Lake City sends this official notice to the Iowa City *Press*: "Stop Dr. F. C. Stewart's paper. Reason—Removed to Bismarck, D. T., with another man's wife."

W. B. WATSON,

BISMARCK, - DAKOTA,

Dealer In Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing ods,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

The Largest and Best Stock in the City and prices that defy competition.

Buying for Cash he Sells for Cash.

DRESS GOODS

of all kinds, SILKS of all shades and colors. Elegant assortment of

Ladies' Ties, Cuffs, Collars and Underwear.

Ladies' Zephyr Shawls, and Sacks; Laces, Hamburg Edgings and Insertions; Hosiery, Etc., in endless variety; White Goods of every sort

Prints of Every Variety.

Bring in your Samples and Compare Prices furnished by Eastern Houses.

MAY 31-9-1

Bismarck Retail Market.

Frazee's Four Ace flour	4 00
Belle of Moorhead flour	3 75
Frazee White Rose flour	3 50
Celebrated North Pacific Flour	3 75
Oats per 100 lb	2 00
Seed Barley per 100 lb	2 50
Potatoes per bushel	1 00
New Potatoes per bushel	5 00
Choice dairy packed butter	25
Eggs per doz	15
Sugar Cured Hams per lb	12½
Country " "	11
Breakfast Bacon	12½
Clear Side	10
Cranberries per peck	75
Onions per bushel	1 50
Beef Cattle, live, per cwt	4 00
Veal per lb	12@15
Porterhouse steak per lb	15@18
Common Steak per lb	12½
Work Oxen per yoke	100to128
Mutton dressed	15@15
Mackerel per lb	12½
Corn per cwt	2 00
Oats "	9 00
Hay per ton	2 00
New Hay per ton	8 00
Sugar Standard A per lb	12
Sugar Granulated	13
Coffee, old Gov. Java per lb	35
Choice Rio	35
Japan Tea per lb	05@07
Green Imperial	75@1 00
English Breakfast Imperial Black	75
Choice Syrups per gal	1 00
New Orleans Molasses	75
Dried Apples per lb	12½
Dried Evaporated Apples	20
Tobacco Lorillard Plug per lb	75
Durham Smoking per lb	75
Rice per lb	10
Candies per lb	20
Common laundry Soap	08
Cheese per lb	15@20
Kerosene Oil per gal	40
Lard Oil	1 00
Linseed Oil	1 00

Strayed Notice.

Strayed on to my premises at Dry Point, a Bay Pony, with small white star in forehead, and white hind sock. Owner can have same by calling and paying cost of advertiseing and keeping.
2 4 R. C. HANSON,

Window Screens.

Door and window screens of our new wire cloth made to order. Sure stop to mosquitoes.
3-6 C. S. WEAVER & Co.

Notice.

As the legal representatives of the estate of Sophia Roi, deceased, the undersigned claim the possession of the West Half of the South-east Quarter and the South Half of the North-east Quarter of Section Twenty-seven in Town 139 of Range 81 in Burleigh county, D. T., and all persons are therefore warned against purchasing of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company or its agents any lot or lots in the town of Mandan located on said described land, as such purchase and ownership will not be recognized by us.

THOS J. MITCHELL,
JNO. A. McLEAN,
2-4 WM. A. BENTLEY.

Announcement Extraordinary.

Kept constantly on hand at the Minne-ha-ha Sample Room:
Fresh Ale and Porter on draught.
Schiltz's Export Beer,
Imported Ginger Ale,
Appollainaris Water,
Seltzer Water,
Fine Rye and Bourbon Whiskies,
Best brands of Cigars,
All Mixed Drinks in season.
The popular resort of the City. Everything first-class. Free Lunch every night. 3tf

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely pure—made from Grape Cream of Tartar, imported exclusively for this Powder from the wine district of France. Always uniform and wholesome. Sold only in cans by all grocers. A pound can mailed to any address, postage paid on receipt of 60 cents. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 171 Duane St., New York. Most cheap powders contain alum; dangerous to health; avoid them; especially when offered loose or in bulk. 2

N. B. HARWOOD & CO.,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,

DRY GOODS

AND

NOTION JOBBERS,

Also Manufacturers of Miners' and Freighters' Goods,

Tents,

Wagon-covers,

Tarpaulins

& Awnings.

We have the best Water Proof preparation in the world. Send for price list.

JOHN DAHL,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Third Street, next door back of Merchants Hotel,

BISMARCK, D. T.

Have just received a new stock of

English and French Cassimeres and Worsteds

which will be made up in the latest and nobbiest styles A good fit guaranteed. Give me a call and see for yourself. Clothing cleaned and repaired on short notice. 17m6

INSURANCE!!

LIFE & FIRE!

The Mutual Life Insurance Co.,
OF NEW YORK.

THE ST. PAUL
Fire and Marine Insurance Co.,
REPRESENTED BY
GEO H. FAIRCHILD.
Bismarck, D. T. March 14 '78-1

SUMMER TRAVEL.

If you journey for business, health or recreation to the Mountains, Lakes, or Shore, over land or over sea, don't fail to secure the protection of **ACCIDENT INSURANCE** *in* **THE TRAVELERS,** *of Hartford. Any regular Agent will write a yearly or monthly Policy, in a few minutes, or a Ticket from one to thirty days. The cost is so small that anyone can afford it who travels at all—Cash paid for Accidental Injuries over* **$3,000,000.**

AGENTS READ THIS

We will pay Agents a salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample free. Address SHERMAN & Co., Marshall, Mich.

SEND TO F. G. RICH & Co. Portland, Me., for best Agency Business in the World. Expensive outfit free.

Road Steamer & Plow—Superior for Stationary and portable work. Juan Ribon, Jersey City, N. J.

$77 a month and expenses guaranteed to agents. Outfit free. SHAW & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$777 A year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

REGULAR RIVER REVIEW.

STROLLS ON THE LEVEE AND NOTES FROM OTHER POINTS.

River High and Business Brisk---Remarkable Run of the Butte---Arrivals and Departures.

ARRIVALS.

Josephine, Coal Banks.
Far West, Fort Benton.
Black Hills, Yankton.
Western, Fort Custer.
Butte, Fort Benton.
Red Cloud, "
Fontenelle, "
Macleod, "
Batchelor, Fort Custer.

DEPARTURES.

Rose Bud, Fort Custer.
Far West, Fort Benton.
Black Hills, Mouth of Big Horn.
Western, Yankton.
Butte, Fort Keogh
Red Cloud, Fort Benton.
Fontenelle Sioux City.
Eclipse, Fort Rice.
General Custer, Fort Buford.

The Key West is expected this evening.

Steamer Gen Terry is laid up at Yankton.

The steamer Big Horn is due from the Yellowstone. She will again load for that river

The Peninah is expected down on Monday from Fort Benton She will go to Sioux City from here.

The Western took on 125 tons Gov't freight at Bismarck and left for Yankton Monday at 12 o'clock

The old E H Durfee, formerly of the Coulson line, is now making regular trips from St. Louis to Omaha

The steamer Eclipse departed yesterday morning for Fort Rice to bring up 600 cords of wood for John A McLean.

The steamer Key West is now due and will return to Benton and the Coal Banks immediately after receiving he cargo

The steamer Josephine arrived from Benton at 6 p m. last evening, having made the round trip in 18 days with heavy trips both ways.

Among the first boats due are Big Horn, Key West and Dacotah of the Coulson Line, steamer Benton of the Benton Line, and the Peninah of the C K Peck Line.

The Benton Line steamer Butte arrived from Fort Benton on Sunday at 4 p m. She immediately relieved with grain for Fort Keogh and departed at 11 p m Monday

The Bachelor arrived last evening from Fort Keogh She left Keogh Thursday morning and made the run from Buford to Bismarck in 23 hours, including five landings

The famous Montana, Capt Nick Buesen, will leave Bismarck on her third trip for Fort Benton on Thursday 26th inst This is the finest and largest steamer on the Missouri river.

The Gov't steamer General Sherman, Capt. J. H Marratta made a trip to Fort Lincoln and back on Thursday The Sherman will leave today with a full load of Gov't freight for Benton.

The steamer Carrier will arrive from Sioux City on the 26th with 600 tons of freight for the Coulson and Benton lines After discharging her cargo here the Carrier will return to Sioux City

The steamer Gen. Custer, which has been aground at Painted Woods, 25 miles above here, was floated off by the present rise The Fontenelle reports her lying at the bank at Fort Berthold with burnt boilers

The steamer Fontenelle arrived from Benton on Wednesday evening Luring had very bad, very bad luck being 25 days out from Bismarck She passed on down the river for Sioux City after taking on some stores

The steamer Black Hills arrived from Yankton on Wednesday at 10 a m, bound for the Yellowstone river She finished out her load with 85 tons freight and a number of passengers, and departed next morning at 3 a m

The Helena took on 80 tons of the steamer Yellowstone's freight and carried it up the river as far as possible The Yellowstone will be wrecked and a portion of her saved The insurance on the boat is three thousand dollars

Telegrams from Buford to day report the Butte up the Yellowstone last night at 9 45, and the Rose Bud this morning at 1.25. The Big Horn passed Keogh down, this morning Key West passed Buford down at 7 last evening.

The Far West arrived on Sunday at 11 a. m from Fort Benton, making the round trip in just 18 days She immediately commenced receiving for a return trip and left at 3 p m on Wednesday with 275 tons freight and 30 cabin passengers

The steamer Rose Bud Capt. John Todd, left on Monday at 10 a m for Fort Custer and way points on the Yellowstone She had Two hundred and forty tons of freight and every room crowded with passengers She was drawing 38 inches

The steamer Red Cloud of the Baker Line, arrived from Benton on Tuesday She had a lot of hides and furs The Sawtelle Theatrical Troupe were passengers. She departed again for Benton Wednesday at 10 p. m with a good load of freight and passengers

We have been furnished with a record of the Upper Missouri Transportation Contracts, as well as the names of contractors, from 1866 up until the present year as follows

1866 —A special contract was made with Mr Wm M McPherson, Esq of St Louis, for troops and supplies from St Louis to Forts Rice and Buford,

1867 —A contract was made with Wm McPherson and John G Copelin, of St Louis, for all the transportation from March 20th to October 31st inclusive Among the boats employed were the St John T. L. McGill, Mountaineer, Deer Lodge G B Allen, J H Trover, Carrie. In all about 30 boats were employed by the contractors

1868 —The contract was awarded to Hiram K Hazlett for the season from March 20th to October 31st inclusive Among the boats employed by him were the Carrie, Ida Stockdale, Milda, Peninah, Agnes, Argonaut, H. M Shieve, Ida, Arabian, and others

1869 —The contract was awarded as above to John N Bellinger, who employed the Utah, Submarine No 12, Licon, and others

1870 —The contract was awarded in two parts one for Fort Benton through bills to Geo K Hazlett, of the Northwestern Transportation Co., and the other part for St Louis, and all way business to Hiram K Hazlett, of St Louis The N W T. Co employed the steamers Deer Lodge, North Alabama, Fortnight Huntsville and others, and Hazelett, of St Louis, had the Ida Stockdale, Peninnah Ackly, Far West, Emelie LaBarge, and others in the St Louis contract service.

1871 —The award was made to Hiram K Hazlett for all transportation from Sioux City to Fort Benton, the base being transferred from St Louis to Sioux City.

1872 —The award was made to Grant Marsh from Sioux City to Fort Benton.

1873 —The award was again divided, one part being awarded to John B Dallas and the other to the Northern Pacific R R Co

1874 —The award was made to S B. Coulson.

1875 —The award was made to S. B Coulson.

1876 —The award was made to S B Coulson

1877 —The award was again divided, one part to S B Coulson for the Missouri River work and the other to John B. Davis for the transportation on the Yellowstone river from Fort Buford, Dakota

1878 Award made in two parts, one to S. B. Coulson from Yankton to Fort Benton, and the other to W J. Kountz for the Yellowstone from Fort Buford.

1879 —The award was made in two parts, S. B. Coulson securing both.

WEEKLY WEATHER REPORT.

BISMARCK, D. T., June 21, 1879.

	Highest.	Lowest.	Mean.
Barometer,	30,144	29,581	29,943
Thermometer,	74	52	63.3
Humidity, (Rel.)	100	51	64.4
Wind's hourly velocity,	36	calm	

Winds, prevalent direction. S. E.
Winds, total movement, 2330 miles.
Rainfall .50
Lunar Halo. 0.
Solar Halo, 1.

Note: Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation.

C. CRAMER,
Ob. Signal Corps U. S. A.
Office, U. S. Mil. Tel. Station.

STEAMBOAT COLUMN.

BENTON [P] LINE.

Gen'l Office, 193 S Water-st. Chicago.

T. C. POWER, Gen. Manager,
JOS. McGARRY, Supt.
J. C. BARR, General Agent.

BENTON HELENA and BUTTE.

One of this Line of Steamers leaves BISMARCK for FORT BENTON on the ***9th and 24th*** of each month. Passengers from the East buying tickets over the Benton Line can save time by making sure connections on above dates.

The Fast and Elegant Steamer

BUTTE

JAMES McGARRY, - - - Master
JAMES KEENAN, - - Clerk

Leaves for Ft. Benton on arrival of train, Friday June 27th.



For freight or passage apply on board or to
J. C. BARR,
Gen'l Agent, Sheridan House.

1879. OLD RELIABLE 1879.

Coulson Line

S. B. COULSON. Gen'l Manager. D. W. MARATTA, Gen'l Supt.

Plying between Bismarck and Fort Benton, and all points on the Yellowstone. The only line carrying the U S. Government Freights,

Comprising the following first class steamers, built expressly for the Missouri river and in charge of careful and experienced officers.

MONTANA,	***Buesen,***	***Master.***
ROSE BUD.	***Todd,***	"
BIG HORN,	***Gould,***	"
DACOTAH,	***Todd,***	"
KEY WEST.	***Maratta,***	"
JOSEPHINE,	***Anderson,***	"
FAR WEST,	***Coulson,***	"
WESTERN,	***Bryan,***	"
BLACK HILLS,	***Burleigh,***	"

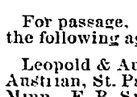
Connecting at Bismarck with trains for St. Paul and the East, and with the Northwestern Stage Company's coaches for all points in the Black Hills

Leaves on Tuesday. June 24th, for Fort Benton, Steamer

JOSEPHINE.

Leaves Tuesday evening, June 24th, for Fort Custer and all way points, Steamer

BIG HORN.



For information, rates, etc., apply at the company's office or on board steamer.
D. W. MARATTA,
General Superintendent.

1879. ATTRACTIVE 1879.

Excursion Route

TO

Lake Superior.

—o:—

THE

Lake Michigan & Lake Superior Transportation Co.

Composed of the Elegant Passenger Steamers

"Peerless," "City of Duluth,"
"City of Fremont" and "Jas. L. Hurd,"

Will run during the season of navigation, 1879, from

CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE TO DULUTH,

Touching at the intermediate ports of Port Washington, Sheboygan, Manitoivac, Mackinaw, Detour, Sault Ste Marie, Marquette, L'Anse, Houghton, Hancock, Eagle River. Eagle Harbor, Copper Harbor, Ontonagan, Ashland, Bayfield and Prince Arthur's Landing, connecting at Duluth with the St. Paul & Duluth and the Northern Pacific railroads for all points in Minnesota, Manitoba and Black Hills and at Ashland with the Wisconsin Central railroad for Chicago, Milwaukee and all points East and Southeast

The steamers of this line are fitted, found and officered with special reference to the comfort and safety of passengers, and will during the summer season give a series of

GRAND EXCURSION TRIPS.

Quick Dispatch and Low Rates on Freight.

These steamers will make semi weekly trips, leaving the company's dock, 74 Market street, Chicago, at 8 o clock p m, and from Milwaukee on the following mornings.

For passage, freight or information apply to the following agents;

Leopold & Austrian, Milwaukee, Wis.; Julius Austrian, St. Paul, Minn; D. A. Christy, Duluth, Minn, F B Spear, Marquette, Mich.; J. Hoar, jr, Houghton, Mich.; John Trelease, general agent, Hancock, Mich., or at the office of the company, 74 Market street, Chicago, Ill.

JOSEPH AUSTRIAN, Gen'l Manager.
C. F. A. SPENCER, Sec'y and Treas.

RESOLUTION.

The City Council of the City of Bismarck do Resolve:

That it is deemed necessary to open the alley way in Block Sixty-Eight (68) in the City of Bismarck, and unless a majority of the resident owners of the property liable to taxation therefor shall file with the City Clerk of said city within twenty days after the last publication of this resolution, their protest against such improvement, said alley way shall be opened.

Approved June 18, 1879.
GEORGE PEOPLES, Mayor.
Attest: M. O'SHEA, Clerk. 3-6

Chris Hehli,

KING OF BARBERS,

MILES CITY, MONTANA.

A First-Class shaving hall where none but the most competent workmen are employed.

Hot and Cold Bath.

Mortgage Sale.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made and executed by Peter Malloy, and Bridget Malloy, his wife, mortgagors, to Jacob Kalberer, mortgagee, bearing date the 22d day of October, A. D., 1878, whereby the said mortgagors did grant, bargain, sell and convey unto the said mortgagees, their heirs and assigns forever, the following described real estate situate, lying and being in the county of Burleigh and Territory of Dakota, to-wit: Lots number eight (8) and nine (9), in block number forty-five (45), and the frame building situated in front of said lots in the city of Bismarck, according to the plat thereof filed for record in the office of the register of deeds in and for the county of Burleigh, D. T. Which mortgage was given to secure the payment of the sum of one hundred and sixty-five dollars ($165), according to the conditions of a certain promissory note, bearing even date with said mortgage, payable one month from date and drawing ten per cent. per annum, given by the said mortgagors to the said mortgagee, which mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds in and for Burleigh county, D. T., on the 22d day of November, 1878, at 2 p. m., in book "B" of mortgages, on page 90. And whereas, there is claimed to be due on said note and mortgage at the date of this notice for principal and interest, the sum of one hundred and seventy-four dollars and eighty-five cents ($174.85), and twenty-five dollars allowed by the terms of said mortgage as attorney fees in case of foreclosure, and that no proceedings at law or otherwise have been had to recover the amount secured by said mortgagor or any part thereof.

Now therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgaged premises at public auction to the highest bidder, which sale will be made by the sheriff of Burleigh county or his deputy, at the front door of Champion Hall, in the city of Bismarck, the place where the district court for said county was last held, on the 8th day of July, 1879, at 2 o'clock p. m., to satisfy the amount which will then be due on said note and mortgage together with the sum of twenty-five dollars attorneys fees as aforesaid, and all lawful costs and disbursements.

Dated May 27th, 1879.

JACOB KALBERER,
Mortgagee.

FLANNERY & WETHERBY,
Attorneys for Mortgagee. 1-7

The Best is the Cheapest.

The announcement that a new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary has just been published, containing many new and valuable features, suggests the thought that buying a Dictionary is a good deal like buying an egg or a watch; a bad one is not cheap at any price. Webster being the standard authority for the English language, he naturally has many imitators, but imitators are usually held at their true worth by the public;—who wants a wooden nutmeg, though it may look ever so much like the genuine article? The popularity of Webster is based upon this principle

If you want a handy thing to carry with you, a companion that you can always rely upon, and one that will never fail you, a really *vade mecum* we recommend that you get a copy of the pocket edition of Webster, with its 18 000 words and meanings, rules for spelling, tables of weights and measures abbreviations, words, phrases and proverbs from the ancient and modern languages.

It is printed from new type, and bound in morocco, with tucks, and bright guilt edges, and, when not otherwise obtainable, will be sent by mail, on receipt of one dollar, by the publishers, Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co, 138 and 140 Grand Street, New York.

Wm. Glitschka,

Groceries, Provisions, Flour,
Candy, Fruit,
Crockery Glass Ware,

and Stoneware. Opposite Post Office. 4

ICE CREAM, FRESH FRUIT,

CONFECTIONERY, ETC,

And all of the Latest Newsprpers at the

ICE CREAM PARLORS,

Main Street, Near Cor. Third,

Bismarck Dakota.

my31v7n1 **C. A. HARNOIS.**

Sheriff's Sale.

Territory of Dakota, } ss.
County of Burleigh }

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an Execution to me directed and delivered, and now in my hands, issued out of the Clerk's office of the Third Judicial District Court, Territory of Dakota, in and for the County of Burleigh, upon a Judgment duly rendered in said Court in favor of Henry Pollard, against Thomas J Mitchell defendant, I have levied upon the following described personal property of said defendant, to wit: One whip, one log chain, and all the interest of said defendant in a lumber wagon on which S. F. Morrison holds a Mechanics Lien for Seven and 25-100 dollars, and that I shall, on Thursday the 3rd day of July, A D. 1879, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m, of said day, at the front of the City Hall in Bismarck, in said County and Territory, proceed to sell all the right, title and interest of the above named Thomas J Mitchell in and to the above described property to satisfy said judgment and costs amounting to three hundred and twenty seven dollars ninety-three cents, together with all accruing costs of sale and interest on the same from the 10th day of April 1879, at the rate of 7 per cent per annum, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash.

Dated, Bismarck, D. T., June 20, 1879

ALEX. McKENZIE,
Sheriff.

DAVID STEWART,
Plaintiff's Attorney. 4-5.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that all persons holding claims against the County of Burleigh are hereby notified to file the same with the County Clerk previous to the first day of July, 1879, as no warrants will be issued after that date for claims due prior to July 1, 1879

J. H. RICHARDS,
35 County Clerk.

W. H. W. COMER.

Proprietor

TONSORIAL PARLORS,

Main Street, next to Merchants Bank.

Hair-Cutting and Shampooing

A Specialty. Hot and Cold Baths. 4

WATER! WATER!

25 Cents Per Barrel.

Buy your water from the

GREEN TANKS

RUN BY

Harrigan & Marble.

Best in the City.

v7n3tf

CHERE.—You can make money by selling our Sterling Chemical Wicks—Never needs trimming—No smoke or smell—10 cents each, 3 for 25 cents. Send stamp for catalogue of Wonderful Inventions, staple and fancy goods. PARSONS, FOSTER & Co., 125 Clark St., Chicago.

1,000 Laborers Wanted!

To buy their outfits of Clothing at the Star Clothing House,

For Work on the Extension!

ALSO

500 Traveling Men Wanted!

To visit this popular store, where

Trunks, Valises, Etc., will be Furnished

At the Lowest Cash Figures.

THE STAR CLOTHING HOUSE

Has Just Received a Large Stock of

Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Etc., Etc.

The Best Ever Brought to this Market.

Call and convince yourself of their genuiness and our ability to meet the wants of every one. Remember the place,

SIGN OF THE RED STAR,

Cor. Main and Fourth Sts., Bismarck, D. T.

M. EPPINGER, Proprietor.

Special Bargains.

Special Bargains.

AT

DAN. EISENBERG'S,

A NEW SUPPLY OF

SPRING GOODS,

Just Received, Consisting of

DRY GOODS,

LADIES' AND GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Notions, Etc.

CALL AND EXAMINE THEM.

MANDAN COLUMN.

HEADQUARTERS HOTEL
O T SWETT, Proprietor.
First-class accommodations. 49-tf

MEAD & CHILSTROM.
Attorneys at Law,
Collecting and Renting Agents and general solicitors. 3tf

BUSH & McBRATNEY

Have one of the

BEST SALOONS IN MANDAN.

FRESH MILWAUKEE BEER

Constantly on Hand.

☞ Only the best brands of Cigars, etc., sold. 49-tf

W. C. DAVIE'S

CHEAP CASH STORE,

Mandan, D. T.

An Elegant Assortment of

CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

Notions and Stationery.

Cigars and Tobaccos

Always on hand. 3tf

ICE! ICE! ICE!

500 TONS OF ICE.

Largest Ice House in the City.

Mr. Chas. Kupitz wishes to inform the citizens of Bismarck that he is prepared to deliver ice to any part of the city,

During the Entire Season

AT THE

Lowest Reasonable Rates.

STOVES

FROM $12 UPWARD,

(St. Paul Prices)

BY

Geo. Peoples,

at the

Pioneer Hardware Store.

v7n3tf

THOMAS VAN ETTEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BISMARCK D. T. 3tf

BISMARCK

AND

FT. BUFORD

STAGE AND EXPRESS

AND

U. S. MAIL

Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m, making the full trip in five days

Stages will leave Buford on same days as from Bismarck, at 6 a. m

For Express, Passage or Freight apply to JOHN LEASURE, agent, at J. W. Raymond & Co.

5tf **Bismarck, D. T**

Or to LEIGHTON & JORDAN, Fort Buford.

10.000 *NAMES* of residents wanted. For 25 names and 25 cents we will send you a fine silk handkerchief, every thread silk, regular price $1.00. G. W. Foster & Co, 125 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. 44

WANTED ONE SALESMAN for each State. Salary from $75 to $100 per month and expenses. References required.
LA BELLE M'F'G CO.,
93 Clark Street, Chicago.

WM. GLITSCHKA—Groceries and Provisions, Flour, Feed, &c. Agent for Minneapolis Soap. Main St opposite post office.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Wit and Humor.

There was an old man in Montana,
At one gulp tried to gorge a banana,
It stuck in his throat.
And he straightway did float
To the beautiful land of Hosanna.

aYouth is the saucy-age of life.

Did you ever have a pig invite you to his souse?

'Tis butter step from the cream pan to the churn.

Song of the dry goods clerk—"Swinging in delaine."

The airs in an opera singer's head are all numbered.

A gambler would rather let you out than let you win.

A chattle morgage is a lean and hungry "Cash-us."

When you want to raise the wind, the million-air is pretty nice.

Wine is the key which fits the padlock of a man's secrecy. So is beer.

Always keep your boots clean, for cleanliness is a divine attri-boot.

The man who was lost in slumber probably found his way out on a nightmare.

Landlords are loosing so much by their tenants that they ought to get up an insure-rents company.

The force of habit made a Scranton barber ask while shaving a corpse, "Does the razor hurt?"

We know a fisherman who is said to be crazy, but we are prepared to prove that he is a seine man.

Ten to one that the woman who says your children are not "half raised" raises her own youngsters by the ears.

They say a strong grasp of the hand betokens a strong heart. What a magnificent heart a lobster must have.

Speaking of generosity, you wouldn't call a man who had gouged a piece out of the bottom of his foot a whole soled fellow, would you?

Man can do many thing, but there is one thing he cannot do; he can't button on a new collar, just after cutting his thumb-nails without looking up in the air.

"The reason I got my ears boxed," said Johnny, "was 'cause when the mother said a neighbor had borrowed a hen of her, I said the lent-hen season had arrived"

Little Nephew—"What are fowls, auntie?' Auntie—"Creatures with wings, dear, such as hens and ducks, Little Nephew—'Angels are fowls." too, aren't they, Auntie?"

When a man does us a kindness we call him a brick, when he does us an unkindness we want to hit him with one

An appreciative mind can throw a world of pathos into a very ordinary statement. "Yes," said he, leaning over the fence in communion with a neighbor, "she is dead. She died just as she got ready for spring cleaning. It is terrible.'

Singularly, no one stood up when a wise man at a meeting in Williamston, N. Y., to adopt measures to find out who sets fire to buildings, suggested: "The shortest way to get at the root of the matter would be for the man who set fire to the building to rise up in the audience and own the whole thing."

A gentleman, who has just had a family tomb constructed, takes his wife to the cemetery, and she recoils with horror on beholding cut in the stone· "To the memory of my beloved wife—eternal regrets." "But I am not dead!" she cries, "I know it darling, but I wish to please you by showing you what my affection would lead me to say when you die."

Remark of severe parent to blooming daughtet upon discovering the fact that one of the legs of the big chair in the parlor had been broken the Sunday evening previous: "I wish you to understand Susan, that this chair was constructed with a view to the accommodation of one person at a time, and has not the strength and scarcely the capacity for two

"I should like to have you raise a club," said a 7x9 book-canvasser to a daughter of Erin, as he stood on the front step trying to talk her to death on the subject of the "Extinction of the Tribes of the Seventh Century." "I will," said Biddy, as she reached around behind the door, "but bad luck to your picture if you are lingering around here when I get it raised."

The Ocean Floor.

Here is an end of all romance abou hidden ocean depths. We can speculate no longer about pearls, or mermaids, heaped treasares, and dead men's bones whitening the coral caves. The report of the exploring expedition sent out from London in H. M. S. "Challenger" has lately been published. Nearly four years were given to the examination of the currents and floors of the four great oceans of the world. The Atlantic, we are told, if drained, would be a vast plain, with a mountain ridge in the middle running parallel with the American coast. Another range crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland, on thr top of which lies a submarine cable. The ocean is thus divided into three great basins, no longer "unfathomable depths." The tops of these sea-mountains are two miles below a ship, and the basins, according to Reclus, fifteen miles, which is deep enough drowning, if not for mystery. The mountains are whitened for a thousand miles by a tiny creamy shell. The depths are red in color, heaped with volcanic matter. Through the black, motionless waters of these abysses move gigantic abnormal creatures, which never rise to the upper currents..

There is an old legend coming down to us from the first ages of the world by which these scientific deep-sea sounding throw a curious light. Plato and Solon recorded the tradition, ancient in their days, of a country in the western seas where flourished the first civilizatioh of mankind, which, by volcanic action, was submerged and lost. The same story is told by the Central Americans, who still celebrate in the fast of Izeall the frightful catastrophy which destroyed the land with its stately cities. De Bourgborg and other archælogists assert that this lost land extended from Mexico beyond the West Indies. The shape of the plateau discovered by the "Challenger" corresponds with this theory.—*Noah's Sunday Times*

Girls' Names.

The following, which seems pertinent, has been culled for the Household from an old number of Scribner's Magazine.

The tender but thoughtless habit, which has at length crystallized into general custom, of keeping up the nursery or pet name of little girls until they have passed through all the the eras of young womanhood, nas lately received some forcible criticism from one or two sources. It is a habit which has chiefly arisen within the past generation, but it has noticeably grown within a decade or two, until there is scarcely a feminine name to which a diminuendo will stick that is not speedily replaced by that fashionable substitution or adornment. In olden times Elizabeth was sometimes called Betsy for ease or brevity, but now Betsy glides away into the public Betty or Bessie. In fact, the stately and vigorous old nomenclature is now nearly all gone into a vapid and tasteless liquidity that seems utterly bereft of force. There are no Catherines any more; they are all Katies. The Harrietts have become Hatties. The Margarets (one of the strongest names) are reduced to Maggies or Margies; Mary, if common, yet the tenderest of all, gets transformed into Matie, or Mamie, Charlotte into Lottie and so through the whole diversified chaper. In any modern school catalogue or newspaper list of names which you may chance to meet you find an endless iteration of the inflection, i. e., as if the beauty or attractiveness, if not the respectibility of the young ladies in some way depended on their liquid and endearing termination. In the short space of one page of the catalogue of a prominent young ladies' college—a school of much higher pretensions than the average seminary students—one may find (as we have satisfied ourselves by trying) at least the following varieties, viz: Jennie, Nannie, Hattie, Minnie, Margie Nettie, Allie, Addie, Lizzie. Lord Dufl ferin, when the dignified governor-genera of Canada, has lately chosen to bring this tendency into notice (and so we suppose it prevailed in Canada, too) by making it a special topic in his address at the commencement of a young ladies' school in Quebec. But he credits the habit, or its exaggeration, to the United States; and thinks the practice, when it becomes "a national characteristic is not without significance." Some future philologist, perhaps, may pick it up as a remnant of the period when the young women of our most cultivated circles bore the badge of belittlement and patronage, and infer therefrom that the Oriental type of infantile helplessness had certainly survived to this era even in Western lands. He will most likely conclude (and does not the evidence tend in that direction?) that in our Centennial time, the true idea of

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn to comfort and command.'

was not so much suspected or sought after. We do not remember that any journal of "Woman's Rights" and enfranchisement has ever thought it pertinent to speak of this subject; but surely it bears a direct relation to the mental growth and capacity of the sex. The literary nom de plume of a feminine author indicates to some extent the force of her mind; and we know just as well what to expect from Lettie Linwoods and Mattie Myrtles as we do from George Eliots. You can scarcely pen a more suggestive satire against the helpfulness and independence of woman than to wrap her up in such terms of daily coddling and childish endearment as the pet names against which Lord Dufferin protests. For instance, persistently to call the two chieftains of women's advanced status, Lizzie Cady Stanton, and Susie B. Anthony, would crush at one stroke the revolution they have so much at heart. Under such sweet persiflage it would sink into languid imbecility, and furnish fresh food for laughter. Dufferin, in the address to which we have made reference, said that "the daughter of the occupant of the most august position in the world, was, before her marriage, commonly referred to as 'Nellie,' as though the paragraphists had been her playmates in "infancy;" and he even stated that his own wife, Lady Dufferin, had been spoken of as "Kate" by the journals of the United States. These things were no doubt done with good feelings, and without so much as a thought of disparaging intent. The writers may have the kindest regard; but the familiarity their usage implies is none the less offensive and is a curious symptom of that lack of reverence which, in reaction from the early Puritan extreme of formality, has become very nearly a distinctive and to older civilizations, a disagreeable trait of our republicanism.

The Boston Transcript says: When you see a young woman at a lawn party armed with a turkey-red sun umbrella lined with thin white silk, and having a handful of white clover blossoms and green leaves embroidered on top, you may know that she bought it from the Society of Decorative Art and paid $10 for it.

An Ohio farmer was greatly annoyed by the inroads of sheep upon his grain field, and raised the height of his fence. A ram was the only one of the flock that could leap it, but he enabled his companions to do so by placing himself alongside and offering his back for them to jump on before clearing it.

Beating the Bounds.

We extract the following from a story by Thomas Hughes (author of Tom Brown's "Schooldays at Rugby"), printed in *St. Nicholas*. The story describes the curious English ceremony called "Beating the Parish Bounds," both in London and in the country.

Peter, Plump and Pip, the author's three boy-characters, were three as active young scamps as ever trod shoe-leather. One day, they were having the liveliest kind of fun hunting rabbits with a terrier, when, in a dense copse, they came upon a curiously marked stone bedded in the earth. Meeting on the road an old fellow named Gaffer Giles, who was seated on a heap of stones, his legs wide apart, engaged in breaking the bigger ones with a long hammer, the boys learned from him that their stone marked the parish bounds. The old man was easily persuaded to tell what he knew about it, which, as Mr. Hughes relates it, was much as follows:

When he was a little chap at the parish school, they had a holiday every year on "Gang Monday." He didn't just mind when it came round, but somewhere about Whitsuntide. Well, on Gang Monday morning, all the boys went to the churchyard, and there was the lord's steward with a map, and the parish constable, and a smart few men and women, too, who had a mind to beat the bounds—"possessioning" (processioning) they called it, or some such name. He was no scholar, but minded the name for all that.

So the "possessioners" started with the steward in front and the constable ringing a bell, and the rest following in a row. They marched all around the parish, and now and again the steward would stop, and sometimes they drove a stake or set up a stone like that one in the copse. That was in places where there was a dispute about the parish line. Then they'd use to catch a boy or two, and take him by the arms and legs and bump him up against the stone or a tree, so as he should remember the place afterward.

At the brook, too, along that part of it where the parish line struck it, and ran down it for, might be, two or three furlongs, there was a scramble to see who should be pushed in to wade down. It wasn't more than knee deep for any one as knew which side to keep and where to cross. But now and again some young chap as didn't know would be in, and they as knew called him wrong so as he should go plump into the holes above his middle, for all the folks to laugh at; and sometimes they caught a boy and chucked him in. But the boys mostly were too knowing, and kept away from the men when they got near the brook.

There was a deal of waste land too, there, and the steward, he had an eye to it all sure enough, as they went along, to see that no poor man had run up a bit of a place for his jackass or pig, or fenced round a rood of taters or cabbages. He minded one time when they came across a bit of a sty as Israel Willis, the charcoalburner, had put up, and how at the steward's bidding they had pulled it down and chased Israel's sow and her litter on the common. No, he knew better now. Israel had gone to the bad, and ended in the county jail all along of that business. 'Twas no business of their'n to help clear the lord's waste, and now 'twas all took in and fenced off these forty year, and no man the better but the lord, and no place left for poor folk to cut a bit of furze, or turn out a goose or a pig, or pick a few bits of stick for a fire.

Then on Gang Mondays when they got back, there was bread and cheese and ale for all, and buns and a glass of ale for the boys, and the bells ringing all the afternoon, and two shillings apiece for the ringers. He had heard tell of a piece of land called Gang Monday's land, as was left in old times to pay for beating the parish bounds. What had come of that now? there was no holiday, nor bread and cheese and ale, nor buns nor bell-ringing.

So old Giles crooned on, breaking a stone now and then with a whack of his whip to ease his feelings, and glad of such attentive listeners to his budget of old stories and grievances, as the boys were proving themselves to be.

They sat about him all ears, till the church-clock in the distance struck five and warned them of teatime at the vicarage. Then they jumped up and hurried off, leaving old Giles sitting on the stone-heap and thwacking away with more than usual diligence, as the thoughts of vanished holidays and the wrongs of the poor came thronging back once more across his awakened memory.

As they trotted along toward the vicarage, the boys bandied their chaff as usual backward and forward, agreeing in nothing but this one thing, that it would be great fun—or "real swagger," as Plump would call it—to have a "Gang Monday" next year in Moreton parish.

A lady of experience gives advice on kissing to a younger lady as follows; "Be frugal in your bestowal of such favors. In the first place, I would cut off 11 uncles, cousins and brothers-in-law; et them kiss their own wives and daughters, and I would not kiss the minister. or the doctor. or the lawyer who gets you a divorce." You see this young lady understands her business and does not leave out the editor; he of all others needs these osculatory attentions "to lighten up the gloom;" she's a jolly sensible woman, with a heart in the right place.

By the death of his sister Vice President Wheeler is left entirely alone in the world, without family, his wife having died at Washington, in 1875, and no children ever having been born to him, and without kin except a solitary cousin, a clergyman, of Pittsburg, who discovered his relationship during the Presidential campaign of 1876.

PIONEER HARDWARE STORE,

GEORGE PEOPLES,

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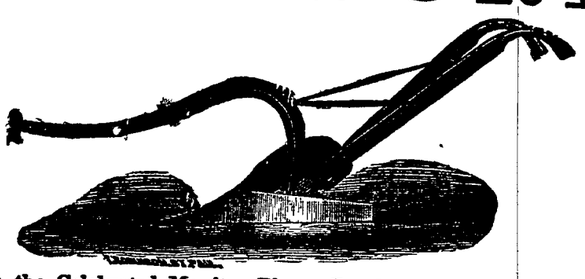
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A WOMAN'S STORY.

BY DOCTOR SCOTT PARR.

I should have been better. I might have been worse. How much better, how much worse, the story will disclose.

I had just entered my seventh year when my father, M. Viele, gave me a new mother in the person of the handsome and imperious widow of one Colonel Lalor, and a brother in Mrs. Lalor's only child, a boy of twelve.

Albert Lalor, who with his handsome face, strong will and pleasant ways, soon became my master, ruling my impetuous spirit with a success that no one else could. Madame Viele looked on with a proud, self satisfied smile, and more than once I heard her murmur in her sweet tones.

"They must marry, Philippe. Your Vi. must be my Albert's wife.

And my father would laugh and nod his head approvingly, evidently well pleased with the idea.

But these happy days slipped by all too rapidly.

It was near the close of a bleak winter day that I reached Gray Fell. But bleak as it was my handsome, stately stepmother met me on the steps of the great pillared portico.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, half under her breath, as she held me off a moment and keenly scrutinized me with her great, lustrous black eyes. Then a warm smile parted her lips, and kissing me tenderly she added

"You are beautiful, my child—far more beautiful than I imagined. Albert will be charmed. Ah! a blush, dearest? You have not forgotten my old hope, then! But, come, come, dear, the air is bitterly keen.

And gathering up the shining length of her black satin she swept queen-like before me, pausing only long enough in the hall to allow a kindly word or two to the assembled servants.

Then, with a rare condescension she led me up stairs to my chamber.

As we entered the dressing room she glanced at the timepiece and turned to my maid

Take Msdemoiselle's wraps, Manton," she said, quickly and imperiously, "and then lay out some of her handsomest dresses;" adding, smilingly as her eyes returned to me: "I shall superintend your toilet this evening, my dear. Dinner will be served in less than an hour, and I want you to appear at your best when you descend to the drawing room. Albert shall be dazzled at first sight?"

I blushed, and, with a low, happy laugh, she kissed me and patted my burning cheeks.

The business of the toilet concluded, Msdame Viele stepped back and eyed me critically. A glowing smile directly attested her entire satisfaction; but she cried eargerly·

"You are glorious, Vi—simply glorious!—a very Eastern princess from your tawny head down to your fairy feet! That ruby velvet, with its rich laces, becomes your splendid brunette beauty rarely, while those creamy white roses adorn your dusky locks most faultlessly. Ah, child, I am proud of you! you are sure to charm my noble boy. But come, darling," she concluded hastily, "he returned from town some time ago; let us descend."

When we entered the brilliantly lighted drawing room it was tenanted by two persons—a handsome, kindly-looking man, whom I recognized at once as my step-brother, and a tall, slender girl with heavenly-blue eyes, pearly skin, and a shimmering crown of pale, golden hair.

A faint damask tinted the girl's cheek as we entered, and I noticed that the gentleman rose with suspicious haste from the chair very close to her own. I fancied, too, that he had even more hastily dropped one of the dainty white hands oying with a bunch of blue forget-me-nots that matched a tiny cluster halt hidden in the flossy gold of her lovely hair.

I had heard of this fair girl, and that her home would henceforth be at Gray Fell. But for the first time, it occured to me that she might be destined to step between me and the man I had slowly learned to think of only too tenderly.

With a sharp, jealous pang I extended my hand to Albert Lalor, who had hastened to me, his fine eyes glowing with admiration and pleasure.

His greeting was cordial and evidently pleased his mother.

"But why don't you kiss her, my son, as in the old days?" she smiled gayly.

And, with an answering smile, Albert bent his grand head and pressed his bearded lips lightly to mine.

"Ah, what a charming blush?" laughed my stepmother, touching my glowing cheek carressingly with her soft, white fingers.

I smiled, but my heart throbbed painfully under the ruby velvet bodice that became me so well. Beneath the pressure of those bearded lips my wayward woman's heart had leaped from tenderness to a full, fierce, passionate love.

"I lifted my eyes, lustrous with the new born feeling, to the handsome smiling face of my brother, and again, my heart swelled with jealous pain at the sight of its unruffled calm.

But the next moment Madame Viele claimed my attention.

"Vi, dearest, my great-niece, Peri Holbrook." She smiled.

I turned my eyes from Albert's face to meet the eager, half affrighted gaze of the golden-haired girl I could not but admire.

I bowed, and somewhat coldly accepted the proffered hand, and answered the few musical words of gentle welcome. Then I involuntarily flashed a swift glance at Albert.

Ah! how the blood leaped through my veins! And how I hated the charming creature standing before me, so regally graceful and sweet. Yes, I hated her; for there could be no mistaking the brooding tenderness and passion with which my stepbrother was regarding her.

But only for an instant did his eyes betray him; and as the pleasant hours of the evening flew by, I grew half disposed to laugh at my jealous pain. Nevertheless, when my stepmother followed me to my room I smiled lightly.

"Peri is very lovely, mamma, and Albert seems to admire her."

Madame Viele turned a glance upon me that covered my face with a flood of color.

"Nay, nay," she laughed softly the next instant, winding her arms caressingly about me. "You have no cause for jealousy, my love. Albert is heart-whole, and knows well that it is my dearest wish to see him your husband. Knowing this," she added, with haughty sternness, he would not dare brave me by loving another." Then, with a swift return to her former tenderness, she continued: "My dear child, I trust you can make me happy by loving my handsome and noble son?"

I could not bear the gaze of her penetrating black eye, soft as it was, and my face dropped blushingly to her friendly shoulder.

"I am eloquently answered, love," she whispered softly; "and let me say that, with your rare beauty and winning grace, you are sure to garner his whole heart. May Heaven bless you, my dear!"

Then as she kissed me good night, she cried earnestly:

"'Don't rush into jealously, Vi. Peri is a good and beautiful girl; but Albert gives her only cousinly affection. Though she is in no way dependent upon me pecuniarily, I promised her dying mother to give her a home at Gray Fell, as you know; and you can see, my love, how very unpleasant it would make it for you to brood over a foolish jealously. So, dear, put all that nonsense out of your charming head and rest assurred that I am right. My eyes are keen, and in the eighteen months she has been at Gray Fell must inevitably have penetrated a secret of that kind."

"Of course mamma is right," I murmured as the door closed on her imperial form, and I summoned Manton.

But my maid dismissed, I sat down in my dressing gown and stared at the glowing coals, my thoughts and feelings in an anxious whirl. After a time I rose, sighing impatiently.

"I can't sleep, I will go down and get a book."

With the words I crept out into the hall.

I had traversed half its length when the sound of stealthy steps on the stairs sent me with bated breath behind the heavy damask curtains of a window near me.

Burglars were in my mind, but I made no outcry. The next minute the steps paused a few feet from me and I was quickly undeceived.

A voice I well knew, murmured in hushed tones, "Don't grieve, my darling, it will all come right. Only be patient, my own."

And I felt more than heard the soft kiss that finished the sentence.

It was Peri's voice that answered.

"Oh, Albert! Albert" she breathed, falteringly. "Where is it all to end? We have done very, very wrong, dearest And oh, Albert, she loves you! I saw it in those great, passionate, dusky eyes of hers to-night, and in a vague terror of the future I stared almost wildly at her as Aunt Ray presented me."

"Nonsense! Do you want to make me vain?" laughed my stepbrother softly. And then he murmured in graver accents: "You say we have done wrong, darling. Remember that we had to choose between two evils. Remember that my mother possesses an iron will. She would have ground us both to powder rather than consent to what we—"

"Yes, yes, I know," sighed Peri, before he could finish the sentence I was panting to hear.

"Then cease to grieve, darling," he whispered. "And now, once more, good night."

And I knew he folded her close to his heart for a brief moment.

As their doors closed noiselessly upon their retiring forms I crept weakly back to my chamber, pride, anger and dispair clutching at my heart-strings.

With a stifled cry I flung myself passionately on the rug before the fire and buried my face in the tiger-skin covering—a pile of soft, yielding hassocks.

"Lost! lost to me!" I moaned in my fierce agony. And then starting upright, I panted with vengeful breath. "But what meant that unfinished sentence? Can they—"

And then I paused and stared breathlessly at the glowing coals.

"Ah!" I will watch! I will watch!" I muttered later.

And I shivered at the sound of my own low, relentless voice.

I did watch.

Madame Viele never dreamed of the task that engaged me; nor did the victims of my pride and love. I took care to be always gay and charming, so how could they suspect?

But something I marvelled my keen-eyed stepmother failed to observe Peri's pallor and evident sadness.

"Ah, well," I laughed, harshly, to myself, "she will see it all in good time. and then let them look to themselves!" So I silently shadowed the pair.

Night after night they stole an hour of blissful peace in the ante-room of the dim old library, and night after night I was ruthlessly on their track. But in vain I listened their fond speech. The unfinished sentence I had caught in the hall above remained unfinished.

But one wild, bleak night, a month later, my task was ended. With stifled breath I noiselessly crept from the library to my stepmother's chamber.

She sat in her dressing gown before the fire, lost in an enchanting book. At my stealthy and unceremonious entrance she glanced up.

"Great Heavens!" she cried, dropping her book and staring at me in alarm. "Are you ill, Vi?"

I laughed a harsh, short laugh.

"Only transformed into a Nemesis, mamma."

"A Nemesis!" echoed my stepmother in slow tones of profound amazement, the next instant adding impetuously, "You look like a beautiful spirit from Hades!"

I shrugged my shoulders with another harsh laugh.

"Come!" I said imperiously. Come and I will show you my Hades!"

She stared at me wonderingly. and half shrunk as my icy little hand clasped hers.

"Softly, Madame!" I whispered as we left her room.

Directly she was standing at the slightly open door, at which I had so often stood.

I felt her nails sink deep in the palm of my hand as her blazing eyes rested on the scene beyond. I heard her breath come in swift angry gusts.

For a few minutes she stood thus. Then, dropping my hand, she flung back the door and swept into the dimly-lighted room.

The pair sitting so lovingly before the fire started to their feet, Peri with a sharp cry of anguish. Albert's first words were given to her:

"Be brave, my love!" he smiled down upon her in accents of melting tenderness.

But his lips were white and his eyes glowing.

"What means all this?" demanded Madame Viele, in awfully hushed tones, gazing from one to the other with an anger before which even my fierce spirit quailed.

"It means this, my mother," replied Albert, unfalteringly, as he stepped a pace forward and circled more closely the slender form of the pallid girl beside him. "It means that for three months Peri has been my wife—"

"Wife!" gasped my stepmother, staggering back as if she had received a blow. And then she screamed, pleadingly: "Not your wife, Albert?"

"Yes, mother, my wife," he returned, sadly and firmly, while great tears rolled over Peri's face "We grieved to do it secretly, mother' but—"

"My stepmother lifted her hand. She had quite recovered herself now.

"Silence!" she commanded, in those awfully hushed tones. Ask no forgiveness! Ask no blessing! Peri, go! Leave this house, now and forever Go, and may my curse follow you to the last hour of your life! Albert, you are my son. Go, or stay, as you will; but know that from this hour I never speak to you again. From this hour know your blessing my bittterest curse!"

"Mother"——

"Silence!" again commanded my stepmother in fearfully concentrated tones.

"Go! Not a word! Put that creature forth at once!" pointing her white finger at Peri's bowed head.

"Say you forgive, mother," pleaded Albert. "Say"——

"Silence!" almost thundered Madame Viele, her face ghastly as the dead.

He turned away then.

"Come, my darling, we will go," he murmered with infinite tenderness to Peri.

And catching up a cloak and hood she had cast there only a few hours before, he wrapped her tenderly in them and led her to the door.

There they paused and looked back at Madame Viele.

"Farewell, mother," they said, softly, "and Heaven forgive us and you!"

Madame gazed stonily at them without word or gesture, and they sighed and turned away.

Directly the hall door clanged heavily after them. As it did so my stepmother turned calmly to me:

"I am sorry for you. Vi," she said briefly, in stern, even tones. "Let us go to bed."

And with firm step and erect form she led me to my room. There she kissed me good-night, saying calmly as she closed the door:

"From this moment they are dead to us! Never mention their names again!"

It was all over now. I had sated my vengeance.

"It as well!" I said as my head touched the pillow.

The days came and went. My stepmother was erect, cold and imperious as ever. Not by word, look or tone did she betray her secret suffering. But at the end of a year she had lost every vestige of youth and health. A pale, gaunt old woman, she sat in her easy chair now."

One morning she called me to her. It was on my nineteenth birthday.

Vi, she said, curtly, "it's all Dead Sea fruit!"

I gazed at her, dimly comprehending her meaning. Then she said:

"They have a little daughter, Vi, and they have named her after me!—Ray Lalor, Vi! Shall we have them back, Vi?"

She looked at me wistfully. There was a brief strife between the good and the evil, and then I replied:

"It is Dead Sea fruit, mamma. We will have them back. I can look upon Albert as my brother now."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Madame Viele.

And three days later Albert, Peri and the little Ray were established at Gray Fell.

RECENT statistics shows that the ranks of professional pedestrians are being rapidly filled up by country book peddlers, to whom walking has become second nature. One of the successful walkers in New York is a woman who says she sold 4.000 copies of a $4 book in a month. If this thins out the book peddlers it will be glorious news for our rural friends, but appalling intelligence for all those who live in large cities.

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LOCAL LEVIES.

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The foundation for the new mill was completed at noon to-day.

The Steamer Carrier is bringing a fine horse for Capt. D. W. Maratta.

The government freight for Fort Benton has been nearly all forwarded.

John Rowland has opened with a stock of stoves in Goff's building. He exchanges new for old stoves.

The Gen. Sherman has gone to the Coal Banks with a load of telegraph poles for the government line from Assinnaboine to Helena.

John A. McLean has purchased six hundred cords of government wood at Ft. Rice which is now being shipped to Bismarck.

The Bismarck Post Office on Monday last issued 34 money orders amounting to $803.24. At the rate of two hundred and fifty thousand a year.

Ed McCormack has moved his house back to the street line and is rebuilding it. It will soon be one of the neatest little cottages in the city.

Horace Stripe has been appointed stenographer for Judge Barnes court and will it is said, remove to Fargo. His excellent wife will be missed from Bismarck society.

The tonsorial palace of Franklin & Deckert has been refitted, furnished, etc., which. together with the graceful manipulation of the razor by the carvers who dwell therein, makes it the most popular resort of the kind in the city.

Frank A. Norris, the popular stewart of the Red Cloud, laid in a splendid store at the various establishments at Bismarck, and the Red Cloud passengers will live like kings. Norris is one of the most popular caterers on the river.

W. B. Watson has been overhauling the interior of his dry goods store, making it one of the most attractive places in the city. He has enlarged his show windows by putting in a new one on the west side. Watson keeps pace with the march of improvements.

Six car loads of Montana cattle, 108 head, were shipped east via the North Pacific by Hallett & Keating, of Bismarck, a day or two ago, being consigned to the Union stock yards, Chicago. This is a renewal of the cattle trade via the Missouri river and Northern Pacific, inaugurated last summer.

The Deadwood *Pioneer* says: E. R. Collins and James J. Sutherland, on June 7, completed the purchase of the Golden Prize lode, near the rich mine recently sold to Wallace & Co. The Prize is a recent discovery, and prospects equal to the Hoodo or Rich which are pronounced by experts equal to any property in the Hills. The price paid was far in the thousands.

Tuesday evening Miles W. Lind, and James Sagres, of Co. A, Seventh Cavalry, had a hearing before U. S. Commissioner Corey upon the charge of burglarizing Capt. Harmon's store at Fort Lincoln. Judge Campbell, U. S District Attorney, came over from Fargo to appear for the prosecution. The testimony warranted his Honor, Judge Corey, in holding them for the grand jury and fixing their bail at $500 each. They were not able to give bail and went to jail. The value of the goods stolen, including seventy-five dollars in cash, was $425. Judge Campbell was quite complimentary in his opinion of Mr Corey as a court.

James Dunn, who five years ago occupied a "shack" and had charge of a section house on the N. P., has become one of the solid men of the North Pacific country. Through industry and frugality he saved means sufficient to purchase a few cows and from these he supplied the Bismarck market with butter when a good article commanded from thirty to fifty cents per pound. The proceeds arising from the products of his dairy he invested in North Pacific bonds at $10\frac{1}{2}$, purchasing land with the bonds. He now owns 1,000 acres at Alsop, between the tenth and eleventh sidings, has one hundred acres under cultivation and owns six horses, sixty head of cattle, good buildings and all the farming implements needed to carry on his farming operations. From one seeking labor by the way to support a large family in less than five years he has stepped into a fortune through the means noted.

Mandan Melange.

No mosquitoes.

Swett has a new sign.

We are not to have a livery stable.

The Collins House opened this week.

Frank Mead has gone to Minneapolis after teams.

Tuesday Gen. Rosser and party started for the Yellowstone. They expect to be gone about twenty-one days.

J. W. Raymond is looking the town over to-day. We are in hopes of seeing a a brick building on his corner soon.

There has been many time checks cashed this week at a reduction of 10 per cent., which makes it bad for one getting only $1.50 per day.

Nothing new or startling has transpired this week, everything has been going on quietly. Next week we are expecting to see the town full of business.

Every day brings some of your citizens over here. I suppose they come to take notes and keep posted so Bismarck won't get behind the age.

There is a rumor afloat that we are to have a large hotel, but there has been so many rumors of a like nature before, that but little credence can be placed in this one.

Andy Thompson, our postmaster, is building a temporary post office adjoining Hurd and Davie's building. "Andy" says he has been in the country long enough and is coming up to be one of us.

Yesterday Paymaster Edgerton, Mr. Follett, his assistant, Judge Brill, of St. Paul, and Mr Taylor, visited Mandan. They were highly pleased with the appearance of the city. Mr. O. C. Green, Supt. of the N. W. telegraph line, was also looking us over.

Last Saturday the teamsters struck for more pay, but Monday there was a compromise effected, so now things go on as before. Yesterday Walker Bellows & Co. commenced paying off. Will finish to-day. We have not felt the effects of this payment as yet, but are expecting to see some of the money the first of the week.

PEEOTCH.

Buford Post-Library.

"Butt Plate," Fort Buford, pays a tribute to the "noble work" of Gen. Hazen, in founding the post library, and gives the following interesting facts:

Our library consists of fourteen hundred and seventy-two volumes and may be classed as follows:

Works on History	239
" Science	93
" of Reference	25
" Essays	23
Miscellaneous works	792
Bound Magazines	300
Total	1472

Number of monthly magazines 8; weekly papers on file 15; daily papers on file 6, in all 26 Average number of books issued per month 509; strength of garrison about 280; average daily attendance of reading room 27; the company getting the largest number of books per month, Co. F; smallest, Co. C; library in charge of the post adjutant Lieut. Groesbeck; librarian, Sergt. Frank, who does all in his power to please.

Why Not Celebrate?

Why not secure a special train, capture the Apple Creek picnic grounds and celebrate the Fourth in grand old style? The grounds are situated four miles east of the city on the railroad and near Apple Creek. They are in form of an amphitheatre, with grand old elms and box elders beneath whose dense shade two thousand people could find room for rest and pleasure. One tree, situate in the center of the semi-circle, will seat beneath its low spreading branches three hundred persons. Tables, seats, swings, and a floor for dancing, have been provided, and all that is needed is the company. The grounds will be open to-morrow and all who can should drive out and see them.

Northern Pacific and the Yellowstone

Tuesday morning vice-president Stark, J. M. Dennison and D. Stewart Dennison of Baltimore, Gen. Rosser and J. B. Power, with an escort of twenty cavairymen, under Lieut. Bell, of the Seventh Cavalry, left for the yellowstone. They are on a general tour of inspection of the railroad route, and will especially observe the best point of striking the Yellowstone. The old survey would take the road to the mouth of Glendive creek. Another and better route in the opinion of Gen. Miles and the Fort Keogh stage line, lies to the south, reaching the Yellowstone at the mouth of Powder river.

The Strike.

Mr. James Bellows, of the firm of Walker, Bellows & Co., admits there was a strike on the west side but assures us that it is all over. The teams have gone to work upon Mr. Bellows' garantee that their drivers should not cost them more than $17 per month. As these drivers are now getting $26 and $27 a month, Mr. Bellows will have to make good the difference. Mr F. J. Mead has gone to Fargo and Minneapolis to hire teams for the contractors. Mr. Walker, himself, has gone to St. St. Louis to buy 150 mules for the grade.

Firemen's Ball.

The Firemen have arranged for a grand ball to be given at Raymond's Hall, Bismarck, on the 4th. The most complete arrangements will be made for the pleasure or comfort of those in attendance. A check room and checks, will be prepared and there will be no possibility of loss of baggage, and improper characters and conduct will be guarded against. The best music will be provided. The charges will be $1.50, only, per couple.

Pic Nic Grounds.

The pic nic grounds at Apple Creek will be open to-morrow, (Sunday)

Trouble for Flies.

Our new fine mesh wire cloth was obtained at much expense and trouble. Sold at same prices as coarse mesh goods. C. S. WEAVER & Co.
3-6

Mosquitoes.

Two more wires to the inch than any other wire cloth in the market. Only sold by
3 6 C. S. WEAVER & Co.

Northern Pacific Flour

Try It For sale by
1-12 McLEAN & MACNIDER.

Gents' French Kid

Walking Shoes at Marshall's. 3-6

Money to Loan.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers.
M. P. SLATTERY,
12m4 Third Street, Bismarck. D. T.

Horse Rakes.

The best in the market. together with plows and other agricultural machinery at
J. W. RAYMOND & Co'o.

Front Office For Rent.

Inquire of Asa Fisher. 4-6

We Have Just Received:

New Potatoes.
New Onions,
Cocoanuts,
Lemons,
3-4 HALLETT & KEATING.

Mowers.

The Celebrated Wood Mowers will be found at
J. W. RAYMOND & Co's.

The Celebrated

Burt & Mear's hand-sewed Gaiter at
3-6 J. H MARSHALL'S.

To Arrive This Evening:

Strawberries,
Bananas,
New Beets,
Boquets,
3-4 HALLETT & KEATING.

Just Arrived

At J. H. Marshall's; an assortment of Burt & Mear's hand-sewed Shoes. 3-6

Milwaukee Beer.

Several car loads at J. W Raymond & Co's, for sale by the case. Just the thing for steamboats, excursion parties, &c., not to speak of retail dealers.

Beer.

Those who sit down and sip their beer can obtain Phillip Best's Milwaukee by the bottle or case at
J. W. RAYMOND & Co's.

Burleigh County Orders

We will pay 75 cents on the dollar for all Burleigh County Orders sent to us before the first of July next.
52tf McLEAN & MACNIDER.

Wire Cloth.

We have procured a wire cloth with two more wires to the inch than any ever in this market. It will keep out the mosquitoes.
3-6 C. S. WEAVER & Co.

Money to Loan.

On Real Estate or approved collaterals.
15tf GEO. P. FLANNERY.

Mr. Daniel Collins, late of Fort Totten, has purchased the Headquarters Hotel at Mandan and invites his friends to give him a call. 3-6

Buy the Red Tag tobacco from Clum Emmons.

The Apple Creek pic nic grounds will be visited by many to-morrow.

Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Bismarck Post Office, for the week ending, Saturday, June 14, 1879:

Anderson Geo	Irwin James
Anderson Ole	Ivey Richard L
Brown B M	Jackson Lucy
Bistow Carl	Kelly Albert
Bender H E	Killeen B B
Brush Fred	Kilkenny John 4
Baker Frank	Lazier Andrew
Borsch Joseph	Lyon James
Boyle James	Lind Peter
Broderick Martin	Lewis Nellie
Burnsides Sam	Lee Wm
Chasser Desvia	Moen Chas
Cowley A B	Maguire Daniel
Conrad C E	Miller Charles R
Charles Ans 2	McCrory Lute
Cassaday Frank	McDonough James
Cady Ella M	Moen K O
Clark T J	McGurk John
Calhoun W S	McCabe John
Clark Wm	McLinn Maggie
Devereaux Dennis	McGivney Wm
Davidson Andrew	O'Connor M P
Dopson Chas	Pulsipher Geptha
Dillon Chas	Parker J A
Dalum Hannah 2	Plummer Margaret A
Darcy John J	Pringle Thomas 2
Downer J J	Robinson D
Durand Lyman P	Roland (or Boland) Jno
Davis Miss S A	Rea John
Decent Wm	Richard R L
Elliott Capt H T	Stuard Mrs
Egan E B	Snyder Eugene M
Edwards J H	Spears John T
Finnerty D	Silsilston Kale
Francis Dennis E	Slade John
Freits E D	Smith Morris
Foster L W	Smiley Pete
Forster Tom	Therwin R K
Gahagan B	Thompson Betsy
Gallager Eliza	Tenwood Jno 4
Gardner Jones E	Thompson Martin
Golden P	Tuttle Wm
Hoover Hosea E	Walker Alfred
Hart Julius E	Wenneman Chas
Hetland J M C 2	Watson D H
Hart Miss Minnie	White Mrs Gusia
Hayes James A	Weidman P H
Harmon Murray	Witt Sewell
Hanson Ole H	White Mrs Sarah
Hanley Michael	

If the above letters are not called for in Thirty Days they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office, at Washington Persons calling for any of the above will please say "Advertised Letters," and give date of list. C. A. LOUNSBERRY, P. M.

LIFE IN A BOTTLE.

The Most Valuable Medical Discovery Known to the World--No more use for Quinine, Calomel or Mineral Poisons-Life for the Blood, Strength for the Nerves, and Health for All.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PUBLIC.

Believing that by cleansing the blood and building up the constitution was the only true way of banishing disease and being troubled with weakness of the lungs, catarrh, very much broken down in constitution, &c., and after trying the best physicians and paying out my money for many kinds of medicines advertised without finding a permanent cure, I began doctoring myself, using medicines made from roots and herbs. I fortunately discovered a wanderful Bitters or Blood Cleanser, the first bottle of which gave me new life and vigor, and in time effected a permanent cure. I was free from catarrh, my lungs became strong and sound, being able to stand the most severe cold and exposure, and I have gained over thirty pounds in weight. Feeling confident that I had made a wonderful discovery in medicine, I prepared a quantity of the Root Bitters, and was in the habit of giving them away to sick friends and neighbors. I found the medicine effected the most wonderful cures of all diseases caused from humors or scrofula in the blood, Imprudence, Bad Stomach, Weakness, Kidney Disease, Torpid Liver, &c., &c. The news of my discovery in this way spread from one person to another until I found myself called upon to supply patients with medicine far and wide, and I was induced to establish a laboratory for compounding and bottling tee Root Bitters in large quantities, and I now pevote all my time to this business.

I was at first backward in presenting either myself or discovery in this way to the public, not being a patent medicine man and with small capital, but I am getting bravely over that. Since I first advertised this medicine I have been crowded with orders from druggists and country dealers, and the hundreds of letters I have received from persons cured, prove the fact that no remedy ever did so much good in so short a time and had so much success as the Root Bitters. In fact, I am convinced that they will soon take the lead of all other medicines in use. Nearly one hundred retail druggists, right here at home in Cleveland, now sell Root Bitters, some of whom have already sold over one thousand bottles.

Root Bitters are strictly a medicinal preparation, such as was used in the good old days of our forefathers, when people were cured by some simple root or plant, and when calomel and other poisons of the mineral kingdom were unknown.

They act strongly on the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels regular and build up the nervous system. They penetrate every part of the body, searching out every nerve, bone and tissue from the head to the feet, cleansing and strengthening the fountain springs of life, hence they must reach all diseases by purification and nourishment.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Root Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use the Bitters at once. It may save your life.

Thousands of persons in all parts of the country are already using ROOT BITTERS. They have saved many lives of consumptives who had been given up by friends and physicians to die, and have permanently cured many old chronic cases of Catarrh, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and Skin Diseases, where all other treatments had failed. Are you troubled with sick headache, costiveness, dizziness, weakness, bad taste in the mouth, nervousness, and broken down in constitution? You will be cured if you take ROOT BITTERS. Have you humors and pimples on your face or skin? Nothing will give you such good health, strength, and beauty as ROOT BITTERS.

☞I know that jealous physicians will cry humbug because my discovery cures so many of their patients, but I care not. It is now my desire and determination to place my ROOT BITTERS as fast as possible within the reach of all those suffering throughout the world. Sold by wholesale and retail druggists and country merchants, or sent by express on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles $5.00. For certificates of wonderful cures, see my large circular around each bottle of medicine. Read and judge for yourself.

☞Ask your druggist or merchant for FRAZIER'S ROOT BITTERS, the great Blood Cleanser, and take no substitute he may recommend because he makes a larger profit.

G W. FRASIER, Discoverer,
338 Superior St., Cleveland, O.

For wholesale by REDINGTON & Co., San Francisco, Cal. 48

ST. PAUL BRANCH

CLOTHING HOUSE,

Bismarck, D.T.

Special Announcement next week.

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BISMARCK, D. T.

W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,

Druggist and Fancy Goods,

BISMARCK, D. T.

W. W. KIMBALL'S

Mammoth Music House,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

ANNUAL SALES, - - - - - - - - - - ***$1,500,000.***

SOLE WESTERN AGENT for the following Instruments:—**Hallett Davis & Co., J. P. Hale, and W. W. Kimball Pianos. W. W. Kimball and Smith's Organs.** Instruments which have an established reputation far and wide, based upon experience in every respect. Old Instruments taken in exchange for New. Satisfaction guaranteed. Every Instrument warranted for five years.

F. J. CALL,

BISMARCK, D. T., SOLE AGENT FOR NORTHERN DAKOTA.

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